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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1915.

Summary of the News

Hopes of a satisfactory adjustment of the submarine issue between the United States and Germany were raised high by the publication on September 1 of an official communication addressed by Ambassador Bernstorff to Secretary of State Lansing. The German Ambassador's statement, evoked by the controversy over the sinking of the *Arabic*, contained the following passage: "Liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning, and without safety of the lives of non-combatants, provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance." Count von Bernstorff added that the policy of the German Government as outlined in his statement had been decided upon prior to the sinking of the *Arabic*. Secretary Lansing, on behalf of the Administration, contented himself with a brief, formal expression of satisfaction with the Ambassador's communication. By the daily press the statement was generally hailed as presaging a complete settlement of the issue with Germany.

Apparently rejoicings were premature. Three days after the publication of Ambassador Bernstorff's statement, on the evening of September 4, the Allan Line steamship *Hesperian*, with three hundred and fifty passengers and a crew of three hundred aboard, bound from Liverpool to Montreal, was torpedoed off the Irish coast. According to all information attainable as we write, there is little room for doubt that the explosion which destroyed the vessel was caused, not by a mine, but by a torpedo from a German submarine. All accounts also agree that the attack was made without warning. Early reports asserted that a 4.7 inch rifle was mounted in the bows of the vessel, but doubt as to the truth of these reports has been expressed by officers of the line, and, as we write, the matter remains in doubt. In any case, it is pointed out that the carrying of guns on merchant vessels for purposes of defence is permissible by international law and by the laws of the United States. The *Hesperian* did not immediately sink, but efforts to tow her into Queenstown failed, the ship foundering thirty-four hours after she was hit. The majority of the passengers and crew were landed safely at Queenstown, those now reported missing numbering twenty-six. The only Americans aboard were three members of the crew.

After the lull in activity which we noted last week, German submarines have returned with zest to the attack. In addition to the liner which, according to Count von Bernstorff, was to have been exempt, seventeen vessels have been reported torpedoed since we wrote last, fourteen British, one Norwegian, one Swedish, and one Danish. Rumors which have come of late from so many sources as to demand credence, that the submarine campaign has proved exceedingly costly to Germany, were in a measure confirmed by the

publication in the *New York Times* of September 4 of information contained in a personal letter written by Sir John French to the effect that up to three weeks ago forty-two German submarines had been sunk or captured by the Allies. In the Dardanelles four Turkish transports were reported sunk last week by a British submarine. The sinking of a British transport was also reported from German sources, but the report lacks confirmation and may refer to the loss of the *Royal Edward* last month.

The difficult situation existing between this country and the Teutonic allies can hardly be said to have been improved by the admission of Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, that he has engaged in various activities calculated to prejudice a legitimate American industry. The revelation of the Austrian Ambassador's enterprise came through the detention by the British authorities at Falmouth last week of James J. Archibald, an American newspaper correspondent, who was carrying dispatches from Dr. Dumba to Foreign Minister Burian, at Vienna. In these dispatches, it is asserted, was evidence that the Ambassador was engaged on a scheme for crippling by means of strikes the industry in munitions in this country. The following passage is quoted from the correspondence: "We can disorganize and hold up for months, if not entirely prevent, the manufacture of munitions in Bethlehem and the Middle West, which, in the opinion of the German Military Attaché, is of great importance and amply outweighs the expenditure of the money involved." The Ambassador issued an explanatory statement, published in Monday's papers, which, by the press at least, has not generally been accepted as satisfactory. He had an interview on the subject with Secretary Lansing on Tuesday, the result of which has not, as we write, been made public.

The situation in the Balkans remains delicately balanced. Reports last week indicated that Servia was at last prepared to meet the wishes of the Allies in the way of territorial concessions to Bulgaria, only insisting that she retain direct means of communication with Greece. The Greek Parliament, after an all-night session, adjourned on September 5 until October 28, without any statement in regard to foreign policy having been made by Premier Venizelos.

According to the Overseas News Agency, by wireless to Sayville on September 1, the Russian losses in the eastern campaign since May 2 have been 300,000 in killed and wounded and 1,100,000 prisoners.

On September 2 Cardinal Gibbons had an interview with the President, in the course of which it is safe only to say that the European situation and the prospects of peace were discussed. The Cardinal, it is understood, was the bearer of some kind of message from the Pope to President Wilson, but it was expressly denied by the Vatican on September 4 that the Pope sent any special message to the President, by which it may presumably be inferred that the communica-

tion, whatever its nature, was oral and informal. It is expected that a statement in regard to the interview will be made public shortly.

President Wilson caused to be made public on September 2 the text of the letters he wrote under date of July 21 to the Secretaries of War and the Navy in regard to formulating a programme of national defence.

Instructions were sent to Ambassador Page on September 3 directing him to press for an immediate answer to inquiries recently addressed by Washington to the British Foreign Office in regard to the method to be adopted to obtain the release of American-owned goods of German origin, valued at more than \$150,000,000, which are at present delayed at Rotterdam. An official statement by the State Department on the general situation was published in the papers of September 4.

Dispatches from Berlin of September 4 stated that there was every indication that the subscription to the new German war loan would be highly successful.

The situation in Mexico can hardly be said to have improved. Trouble of a somewhat serious nature has developed on the Texas border as a result of the firing by Mexicans on American troops and of raids across the line. A skirmish, in which one American trooper was wounded and several Mexicans were killed, took place on Saturday of last week, and American troops are massed on the border to repel any renewed attempt at invasion. From dispatches from Washington on Tuesday there appears to be some suspicion that the recent raids have had the support of Carranza, a considerable body of whose forces is said to be concentrated on the Mexican side of the border.

Rear-Admiral William B. Caperton, commanding the American forces in Hayti and Haytian waters, issued a formal proclamation on September 3, declaring martial law in Port au Prince and the immediate territory occupied by the forces under his command. The text of the proclamation was published in the papers of September 5.

According to a dispatch by the Associated Press under date of September 6, "to obviate the necessity of again obtaining the recognition of foreign nations" the Chinese Government "has decided tentatively to maintain the form of a republic instead of restoring a monarchy, but to make the Presidency permanent and hereditary." This information, it was stated, came from "high official quarters."

The New York State Constitutional Convention adjourned on September 4, after having passed thirty-three articles and amendments to the State Constitution. Adjournment was taken until this (Thursday) evening, when the delegates to the Convention are to return for twenty-four hours in order to pass formally upon the State Constitution, as amended, in readiness for its submission to a vote of the people on November 2.

The Week

No error could be more serious than that of looking upon the great achievement of American diplomacy recorded in Count Bernstorff's note to Secretary Lansing as a victory on a mere punctilio, a satisfaction like that of the duellist upon a "point of honor." The principle for which we were contending, though it happened to be embodied in a form which, in the concrete, might be made to appear as of trifling character, was a principle than which nothing could be more vital. The carrying on of commerce upon the high seas—even commerce in contraband—without peril to the lives either of crew or of passengers, is one of the few privileges of international intercourse in time of war which have been held intact and unchallenged for generations. In setting at naught this simple and unmistakable principle, Germany justly earned the title of "an outlaw nation"; and it was to vindicate and reestablish the law of nations in a vital point that we interposed our veto. The crime of the Lusitania massacre did not consist in the fact that there were Americans among the murdered; but it was owing to that fact that we had specific ground for intervening on our own account—intervening without making ourselves the judges of other nations in their relation to one another. Had the matter, however, concerned merely the slight advantages or opportunities immediately at risk for Americans, we could not have nerved ourselves to the point of insisting on our rights at the peril of the bare possibility of war with a nation with which ours desired to be at peace. Our case was impregnable in law and justice; but what made it great and momentous was that it was in principle the case of international right, the case of civilized warfare against unshackled terrorism—in a word, the case of civilization itself.

The gravity of the latest allegations of Austro-German activity in attempting to hamper the manufacture of munitions in this country is hardly lessened by Ambassador Dumba's explanation. His statement, in the first place, is inadequate. Accused of having written that "we can disorganize and hold up for months, if not entirely prevent, the manufacture of munitions in Bethlehem and the Middle West," he explains that he merely wished to induce many blindly laboring Austro-Germans in American munitions industries to throw down their tools.

Did the Ambassador really think that to do this would dislocate and perhaps entirely stop the export of war materials from the regions named? The editor of an Hungarian newspaper remarks that the stoppage of work by every laborer of Austro-Hungarian blood in the land could not have had such an effect, as these men would be easily replaced by those of other nationalities. If Dr. Dumba wrote what is alleged, he should have realized that many would think him under suspicion of having planned more far-reaching steps to attain so great an end. He cannot too soon establish the fact that it was an unexceptionable moral propaganda he had under contemplation. If he appealed to the individual Austro-German through his newspapers or other organs of information, well and good. Any one may sympathize with his desire to make such men see the wrong they were doing their native land. But he must make it plain that he intended countenancing no recourse to paid agitators who would work on masses of men through labor leaders, often against the wishes of individuals. An effort to call out laborers in an organized way, by the use of money paid to men who had somehow gained influence over them, and under cover of questions foreign to the manufacture of munitions against the Central Powers, would be at once an interference with our civil order and our neutrality. Dr. Dumba ought to realize that there have been reports of such veiled and illegal activities, and that he lies under strong suspicion of being connected with them.

In short, while Dr. Dumba qualifies his plan as "a very open and direct method," its openness seems to have waited on the British search of his confidential agent's papers, and doubts are cast on its propriety by even the slight details he has given. He wished to carry on an educational campaign to withdraw his countrymen from a work the purpose of which they did not understand. Why did he not make a suitable announcement of the undertaking, whose hazy outline he now tries to rob of its suspicious appearance? He planned, he says, a labor bureau to obtain employment for his nationals when they had abandoned their work. In certain lights and to a certain extent this was proper enough; but the mobilization of Austro-German labor as a distinct body in this country can easily be carried too far. The sensitive state of our diplomatic relations with Germany and Austria-Hungary makes it imperative that Ambassador Dumba do his share towards clearing up the matter at once.

Some of the comments of the German press upon Count Bernstorff's guarantees to the United States have an unpleasant sound. The British writers who discounted German assurances and declared that the submarine warfare would undergo only the narrowest, most technical modifications, we thought sourly illiberal. They might now plead the utterances of the *Vossische Zeitung* and the *Tägliche Rundschau* in justification of their suspicions. If these journals had the direction of German naval policy, reparation for the Lusitania outrage would be unthought of. The sinking of the Arabic, pending the report of a submarine that will probably never come in, would be declared thoroughly justifiable. According to the *Vossische Zeitung*, ordinary merchant ships will not be spared in any circumstances, and any passenger ship that can be imagined to be manœuvring against a submarine will receive the shortest shrift. The *Tägliche Rundschau* thinks the relaxation of the submarine campaign a serious offset to the victories in the east. With views of this nature having currency in Germany, the Imperial Government ought to see the internal necessity for defining its position more unmistakably.

"There is small consolation in the events of the last few days," said our dear friend Herman Ridder, in his *Staats-Zeitung* last Thursday morning, "for those who were so eager to rush this country into war with Germany over the Lusitania and Arabic incidents." Well, that may be true enough; only we don't know of any considerable group either of individuals or of newspapers who were "eager to rush the country into war with Germany." On the other hand, we do know of a considerable group of newspapers, professing to represent a vast body of citizens of German nativity or descent, that is left by "the events of the last few days" in a position that is so ridiculous that any talk of "consolation" for them is simply out of the question. One may think of consolation for a man who has made a tragic blunder, even if it was a wicked one; but for a comic blunder there can be nothing but laughter. Where does von Bernstorff's announcement leave our super-Teutons of the German-American press, who thought the Lusitania and Arabic performances a mere matter of course, and protests against them an American impertinence? They didn't quite say this, of course, especially in the first shock of universal indignation over the Lusitania slaughter; but they soon drifted into a position so near to this as hardly to be distinguishable from it. And now they

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The overshadowing importance of Germany's change of heart in the matter of the submarines has entirely crowded into the background the latest "revelations" concerning Belgian diplomacy published by the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. The German press has devoted much space to the subject, and while most of the leading papers think that the alleged evidences of British duplicity, manifested so long before the outbreak of the war, throw more or less light on the causes that led up to it, not one paper of any standing, so far as we know, pretends to believe that these "proofs" prove very much. A few short months ago the tone of the discussion concerning the subject would have been very different. Now, so able and important a paper as the *Bremen Weser-Zeitung*—one of the ablest in all Germany—speaks of the value of the Belgian documents with considerable restraint. The sum and substance of its remarks is: Germany cannot afford to disregard anything that sets her right in the eyes of the world, and every little bit helps. But what we wish to point out as really significant in the *Weser-Zeitung's* article is the admission that "it cannot be denied that Germany went into the war with a confession of guilt" ("Wir sind einmal mit einem Schuldbekenntnis in den Krieg gegangen"). To be sure, this refers to Bethmann-Hollweg's confession as to the violation of Belgian territory, but when German newspapers once begin to confess any guilt at all, there is no telling where they may stop.

No one is surprised that Washington remains calm in the midst of the fusillade of rumors about exchanges of shots across the Rio Grande; the gratifying element in this latest development is the continued calmness of the American public. But why this world of difference between our state of mind—or feeling—towards Mexico and the hair-trigger attitude we took towards Spain the best part of two decades ago? One reason is doubtless to be found in the different atmosphere at Washington. Nobody in the Cabinet now is talking as if a conflict were inevitable—and Congress is not in session. But a larger cause may lie in the view we hold of Mexico. If that unhappy country were a great Power, between whom and ourselves old rivalries, economic or political, or both, had created animosity that could be heated at any moment into irritation, then

we might easily be having such a situation as would promptly have arisen between France and Germany at any time these fifty years as the result of corresponding rumors. Our cartoonists have correctly summed up the reality. Uncle Sam is annoyed rather than angry, because he realizes that his duty is double, being not merely the protection of his family against a neighbor's dog, but also such service as he can render the neighbor in putting restraint upon the animal.

Why panic should ever befall the inhabitants of this country is incomprehensible in the light of a single morning's headlines: Daniels Planning for Huge Navy to Be Afloat by 1918.

American Solves Our Dye Problem.
Blues Win a Hill in Big Sham Battle.

If it is true that in three years we can build twenty-one battleships, twenty-two cruisers, several hundred destroyers and submarines, accomplishing in three-quarters of a Presidential term what the British or German navies would probably require half a dozen years to accomplish; and if it is true that the mastery of the dye industry, which Germany has been building up for fifty years, has been won by an American, and that production will begin "within about two weeks"; and if it is true that the Blues at Plattsburgh, consisting largely of business men fresh from the padded office chair, are wreaking havoc among the ranks of the United States regulars who make up the invading Red army, then it is plain that, no matter what national emergency presents itself, we can solve it anywhere from three times to three hundred times as fast as any other nation. Then why panic? Or can it be that the optimism of the headlines is to be taken just about as seriously as the panicky fear of the headlines? We imagine that President Wilson neither builds 200 warships in three years, nor yet sees German troops landing on Long Island early in 1916, but that somewhere between the extremes of foolish panic and foolish cock-crowing he searches for the truth.

When any one of our consular or commercial agents finds himself short of matter for a letter to the Department of Commerce, he puts on his hat, goes down the street, stops at any shop or office where he has not stopped on a similar errand recently, and primes himself to listen to a fresh tale of American stupidity. The latest such story happens to come from Panama. In May, there was a fire in Colon that burned out many business houses. A

few weeks later one of the largest of these firms received by the same mail—thus dramatically was the scene staged—two letters, one from England, the other from New York. The letter from England showed none of the contempt for "natives" that forms an important ingredient of the British reputation, but on the contrary inquired solicitously about the effect of the fire, noted the additional burdens created for business in England by the war, and wound up with this practical expression of sympathy: "Give yourself no occasion for worry at the state of your account. We know how conditions are. Send on your orders, and they will be filled as usual and upon the usual credit terms." The New York letter began: "Owing to war conditions, we are compelled to curtail our lines of credit, and the terms in future will be—" If this were an isolated instance, it might be passed over; indeed, a commercial agent would know better than to report it. But it appears to be in keeping with the rule.

No indictment of Government wastefulness could be more emphatic than would be the approval by Congress of the proposal to abandon the partially completed improvements of the Missouri and Arkansas Rivers. Though it is the Board of Army Engineers which has reported them generally unsound, it is to be remembered that the projects involve so many considerations beyond those of an engineering nature that the Board is by no means a final authority. For years Congress has debated the desirability of carrying on by annual appropriations large rivers and harbors improvements, and has usually given the benefit of the doubt to those in charge of the pork-barrel. By virtue of the bill of last year, the Board not only has the direction of \$20,000,000 to be spent immediately, but is authorized to report upon the desirability of continuing improvements already under contract, for which an additional \$7,000,000 was appropriated under the Sundry Civil act. Its attitude of hostility promises a more critical examination of these projects in Washington this autumn than they have ever received. Whereas Middle Western interests have long maintained that steam-boating would yet see a revival, and deep channels on the tributaries of the Mississippi be justified, there has always been a feeling that an impartial examination might condemn these improvements. The projects which have been or are being reexamined by the Board call for an ultimate appropriation of \$75,000,000, and there is talk of

cutting off one-half. Every dollar saved of this, as of the lump appropriation for integral improvements, will be testimony to the wisdom of Senator Burton's plan for the employment of the expert army board.

What has become of the famous Republican team-play? Here is Theodore E. Burton, back from a Western trip, full of rosy visions of Republican success in 1916. Not an ordinary success, which the party might conceivably be content with after four years out in the cold, but a landslide. Victory, victory everywhere, is the burden of Burton's slogan. Let no one say that the ex-Senator is influenced in his forecast by the idea, popularly attributed to him, that it is about time for another President named Theodore. He merely reports in cold blood what his eyes have seen. But so does Gov. Gates, of rock-ribbed Republican Vermont. "If present conditions prevail in 1916," he confesses, "America will support the Administration." To see two Republicans divided like this is sad enough, but the melancholy spectacle is made worse by a third Republican, who adds his voice to the wrong side. Nobody has hitherto questioned the party devotion of Senator Sherman, of Illinois, who is also a candidate for the Republican nomination, but his praise of the President might at least be qualified by a hint that while Wilson is all right for 1915, it behooves the people to take a better man in 1916.

That steps may be taken simultaneously to simplify two important industrial problems is indicated by reports of a conference last week between the Government's dye expert and representatives of the Du Pont and General Chemical Companies. Both are manufacturers of chemical materials which are bases at once for explosives and for dyestuffs. Whereas the market for explosives is certain to witness a sudden collapse at the end of the war, the most earnest efforts are now being made to discover sources from which the bases for dyes can be permanently supplied to a strong domestic industry; and entrance into the field will permit those now turning out benzol, toluol, and naphthalene for Europe to preserve the hastily built plants that might otherwise have to be scrapped. Such a resource is probably but one of a number which the Government, if it meets a proper response from the industrial world, will be able to help develop. Want of coördination among several industries, and especially, those using the by-products of coke, with a failure to pay sufficient attention to modern methods and the

work of the chemical expert, has been at the root of our dependence on Germany for dyes. There has been no lack of raw materials, and the Department of Commerce has firm ground for its confidence in the possibility of building up a stable native dye manufacture without such artificial aids as a tariff increase.

California is pluming herself upon the prosperity of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, its \$1,200,000 of "mortgage indebtedness" having been paid off some weeks ago. Beside the St. Louis and Chicago fairs, the fiscal conduct of the Exposition has clearly been a shining success. Indeed, it has given a lesson to European managers. Some of the great exhibitions on the Continent have been almost disastrous, that of Vienna in 1873 having left a deficit of nearly \$8,000,000, and that at Paris in 1900 having failed in spite of national and municipal gifts and the issue of admission tickets with numbers for lottery drawings attached. But the accounting of expositions is by no means standardized, and much of San Francisco's advantage may be only apparent. It has not yet paid back the appropriation of \$5,000,000 authorized by the State or the equal amount given by the city; while the private citizens who subscribed \$7,500,000 in capital stock are not likely to get it all back. The Exposition is now enjoying its most crowded season, and the total of admissions does not seem likely to surpass that of over 27,500,000 at Chicago.

The grand jury which has been sitting at Marietta, Ga., has at least succeeded in indicting all Cobb County. Given a community of the knavishly indifferent, to paraphrase Carlyle, how could zeal for justice be evolved from their united official action? Though succeeding grand juries are authorized to resume investigation if fresh evidence appears, Cobb County has in effect served notice on the country that the great majority of her citizens so approve of the lynching of Leo Frank that they are willing to let the crime sink into history unpunished. What is the country to do about it? This ending of the affair makes it plain that the one thing that can be done by better sentiment, North and South, is to push forward an educational campaign which shall revolutionize the entire attitude of communities like northern Georgia towards these anti-legal proceedings. The nation-wide interest aroused by the Frank case should make the time peculiarly propitious for a

crusade against mob outbreaks, on a more organized plan than ever before.

Berlin's official estimate of the Russian losses since May 1 as 1,100,000 prisoners and 300,000 killed and wounded will raise the question how thoroughly the official German figures for prisoners must be accepted. During the entire conduct of the war it has been a fairly safe rule to accept official statements in dealing with the facts of victory and defeat, as true. It may be different when it comes to numbers. There are observers who have all along questioned the German figures for Russian prisoners. Hilaire Belloc in his review of the first year of the war squarely refuses to believe. He charges that Berlin has a way of duplicating captures and of including large numbers of civilians. Thus, writing in the early days of August, when by Berlin accounts the Russian prisoners in Galicia were nearly 700,000, Mr. Belloc places the number at 200,000. On the other hand, he estimates the Russian losses in killed and wounded at a million, whereas Berlin's estimate for a period longer by a month places them at only 300,000. If the truth lies somewhere between the two estimates, we believe that it lies much nearer Berlin's figures than Mr. Belloc's. Allowing for duplications and civilian prisoners, the Russian prisoners since the beginning of the great drive in May should come close to a million.

Berlin's figures are interesting in the light they throw on the probable total losses of Russia since the beginning of hostilities. These losses have been exaggerated. When one reads of nearly two million prisoners the natural tendency is to allow for a proportionate loss in killed and wounded, and so obtain an enormous total. But it has been pointed out that if the Russian troops are captured with ease the casualties must be much smaller than in the obstinate fighting on the western front. This is confirmed by Berlin's estimate of 1,100,000 prisoners and 300,000 dead and wounded, in spite of the fact, as Berlin says, that the Russians saved their artillery "by recklessly sacrificing their infantry." Altogether, by Berlin's figures, Russia has lost about two million prisoners, and this ratio would give a total of only 600,000 casualties, or a total loss of 2,600,000. Allow for the savage fighting in the Carpathians and around Lodz and before Warsaw last winter, and it is still probable that Russia's total losses are less than 3,000,000 men, or not much above German

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THE HESPERIAN.

The sinking of the *Hesperian* has suddenly cast a cloud over the situation. That the cloud may be soon, and completely, dispelled is the earnest hope of the American people. The genuineness of their satisfaction over the clearing up of our dispute with Germany, so plainly promised by Count Bernstorff's note of a few days ago, was manifest. One reason for expecting that the sinking of the *Hesperian* will not prove to be the undoing of all this is the almost unthinkable outrageousness of the act, if it is an outrage at all. It is true that the *Lusitania* outrage also seemed unthinkable before it happened; but there is a vital difference. So far from Germany having promised at that time to respect the laws of war in her treatment of peaceful ships, she had expressly notified the world that she would set those laws at naught; the reason for confidence that the *Lusitania* was safe was that the world could not believe that Germany would carry the lawlessness and barbarism she had foreshadowed to their furthest possible limits. She herself, however, was in a position to say that she had done no more than she had threatened. But Count Bernstorff's note was a withdrawal of that threat, and an explicit promise of abstention from any repetition of the crime. If, therefore, the *Hesperian* was torpedoed without warning and without cause given by herself, Germany would be guilty of an immediate and shameless violation of a solemn written promise upon which the ink was hardly dry, made to a great neutral nation which had shown its sincere desire for a continuance of friendly relations with her. Until the facts have been brought out more thoroughly than is the case as yet, it is reasonable to suppose that an explanation will be forthcoming which will restore the conditions in which, during the past few days, we have been taking such keen satisfaction.

But, while it is sincerely to be hoped and expected that this latest disaster to an Atlantic liner will be accounted for in such a manner as to permit of the continuance of progress towards a complete settlement of the issue between this country and Germany, there is one result which ought unquestionably to follow from the occurrence. It is a sharp reminder of the incompleteness of the understanding that has thus far been arrived at. The brief note addressed by Ambassador Bernstorff to Secretary Lansing was in itself by no

means free from doubt as to its interpretation, and moreover it did not profess to give more than a mere fragment of the communication which the Ambassador had received from the Imperial Government. What caused it to be received as almost tantamount to a settlement was not so much what it explicitly said as the spirit that seemed evidently behind it—a spirit indicated not only by what was contained in the note itself, but even more by the manner of Count Bernstorff's approach to Mr. Lansing, and by the extremely conciliatory character of the dispatch which the German Government sent to ours immediately upon receipt of the news of the sinking of the *Arabic*. On the face of it—what with the use of the word "liner," and what with the meagreness of the communication as a whole—the note of Count Bernstorff did not by any means cover all the ground involved in our contention for the safety of life upon merchant ships. But it was generally felt that the German Government had probably gone as far as could be expected in its first disavowal of a submarine policy by which it had set such great store; and that, while thus "saving its face" as far as possible in this communication, it would presently become clear that its yielding to our contentions was substantially complete.

The destruction of the *Hesperian* must bring sharply home to the country the necessity of a more solid basis than this for national assurance. The Administration has maintained a prudent reserve, indeed almost complete silence, on the subject. A few words of general satisfaction were all that Secretary Lansing permitted himself when the long-standing tension upon which the interest of the whole nation had been centred was suddenly relieved; and nothing has been added since, either by the Secretary or the President, to that brief comment. Accordingly the Administration will not be under any embarrassment whatever in any determination which the *Hesperian* incident may influence it to take as regards the nature of the assurances which it will accept as satisfying our demands, or as to the time during which it will be willing to wait for that fuller statement of the German position of which Count Bernstorff's note appeared to be merely a precursor. Even if it shall turn out that the sinking of the *Hesperian* was caused by a mine and not by a submarine, in which case the event has logically no connection with the dispute, it will still have served psychologically to sharpen the issue. We shall all be more anxious to-morrow than we were yes-

terday to get a clearer definition of where the matter stands than is given in Bernstorff's note; and the sooner it is obtained the less danger will there be of everything being upset by some new and startling occurrence.

SEDAN DAY ONCE MORE.

Forty-five years ago, when the news of Sedan and the fall of the French Empire reached this country, the event was hailed not only as a great military achievement, but as the triumph of a just cause. At that time the world did not know of Bismarck and the Ems telegram. But even if the Iron Chancellor's share in bringing about the war had been known, it is doubtful whether the sympathies of this neutral nation would have been radically different. The fundamental issues would have remained the same. The German states were fighting for the realization of their national unity against a Government whose basis was the Napoleonic tradition and whose prestige, now rapidly waning, had been nourished on foreign adventure and the glory of playing the arbiter of European destinies. The Napoleonic empire represented a dying tradition. Merely the revolt of the German people against French aspirations towards a European dictatorship would have been a service to civilization. But in itself the new German Empire marked the advent of a new force rich in potentialities. "In the interest of that orderly and intellectual progress of which the world now expects Germany to set the example," wrote E. L. Godkin in the *Nation* in September, 1870. In that month Germany stood forth as the conqueror of France and of liberal, neutral opinion.

On the same page that thus welcomed the German nation among the fraternity of the Powers the following words occur: "France has for sixty years sacrificed her peace, her liberty, her literature, and her art to the perfection of her military machine, and has rested satisfied with such influence as it gave her." Substitute Germany for France, and that is the indictment which the press of this neutral country hurled against a military power on the occasion of another Sedan Day, a year ago. During the first week of September, 1914, we in this country did not know how it stood with Germany's case in the trial by battle. We knew that the tide was running in her favor, but how near to success she was we did not know. The first wireless reports of German victories were only a few days old, and we were still under

the spell of the Belgian episode. But if we were uncertain as to the precise inclination of the balance of victory we were under no doubts as to the swinging of the moral balance. It is no exaggeration to say that in neutral America the Kaiser was execrated as the prime mover in the calamitous war, as the violator of treaty rights, as the invader of a weak and neutral country.

Looking back in the fuller knowledge of later events we see that in Germany they were under no doubts as to where they stood in the test of war. They had beaten the Allied armies all along the line in the first pitched battles of the war, they were in close pursuit of the enemy, and on Sedan Day they were within striking distance of Paris. So confident were they of victory and a speedy end of the war that von Kluck, precisely on Sedan Day, broke off his march to Paris, and with superb disdain attempted the perilous feat of parading his army with flank exposed to the enemy's full front, in cheerful confidence of breaking that front and crushing all organized opposition. On September 3 the French Government fled from Paris after issuing an appeal to the country which rang like a cry of despair. We see now that the facts on September 2 warranted the German leaders in believing that they had won. Thus the German nation stood on Sedan Day a year ago, victorious in the field, disastrously beaten in the moral judgment of the world. At Berlin the latter circumstance was held of no account. Right would rally to the side of the victor, and if not, could be dispensed with.

Sedan Day in 1915 finds the military situation greatly altered. The victories over Russia are there to cheer the nation, and the firm hope in ultimate victory is still asserted. But even from the German point of view it is not such a triumph as seemed to lie in the lap of the Kaiser on September 2 a year ago. In beating down Russia at the end of more than a year of tremendous exertions and at the cost of untold sacrifices Germany has beaten only one of a circle of formidable opponents. To bring about the ultimate victory that Germany expects, still greater sacrifices are confessedly needed. To enter into a balancing of precise gain and loss is not necessary here. In actual gain, it is a question whether Germany's conquests in Russia and the west atone for the loss of her merchant fleet, her colonies, her world trade, and the destruction of the splendid industrial fabric which was the great showing of the Germany that arose after 1870.

With the prospect eliminated of a crush-

ing triumph such as she looked forward to on Sedan Day a year ago, a triumph which would have atoned for the moral weakness of her case, Germany has now recognized the need of straightening that fatal gap in her defences. Hence the recognition that she cannot afford to flout neutral rights and neutral opinion. Hence the effort to offset the stigma of Belgium by advancing the promise of a free Poland and the champion-ship of the rights of the Jews in Russia. Hence the unmistakable effort to erase the impression in this, the most powerful of neutral nations, that German victory would be a calamity for the world and to reawaken, if possible, the sentiment of forty-five years ago when Sedan was welcomed in this country as a great stroke for civilization.

THE NAVY'S DILEMMA.

Pity the poor Navy Department! On July 21 President Wilson wrote to Secretary Daniels asking him to get the "best minds in the Navy Department to work" on the matter "of a wise and adequate naval programme." Since then all the minds in the Navy Department have been agitated on this subject, and, if current Washington gossip is correct, the experts are not only up a tree, but are ungracefully reposing in its topmost branches. Or, to use a more nautical figure, they are so far at sea as to be beyond vision of the coast they are to protect. For, if the truth must be told, this horrid European war, while greatly increasing the demand for preparedness, has deliberately unsettled all the established naval theories, and has not as yet definitely established any new facts or tactics or proved the superiority of any particular arm, unless it be the submarine.

Take the question of the battleship. Its supporters admit that it is helpless the minute a submarine appears, and has to flee to the nearest harbor for shelter, there to be protected in every conceivable way. If an English battleship goes to sea to-day, she is surrounded by a small fleet of destroyers and torpedo-boats that course around her "like a pack of mad greyhounds," according to a naval writer. The one argument which the defender of the battleship has is that it has given to England the command of the sea, although hidden away in an obscure harbor, just as the German battleships are put up, in camphor presumably, at Kiel. This is like a game of cards in which no one dares show what he holds, but in which the man who says he has the largest number of

trumps wins without laying them on the table. It would seem as if out of this might be worked some international arrangement by which all loss of life on battleships could be spared, and sea-fights avoided, by simply letting umpires count the battleships on each side, as they lie at their hidden anchorages, and award the victory to the side having the most. The drawback to that would be that it would unduly stimulate battleship production. At all events, the fact is that the battleship has proved of no avail in action thus far, and the newest has made little impression on the coast defences of the Dardanelles.

Soon after the war began there was a howl because our navy was so deficient in battle-cruisers—they were to be the ships of the future. Since the inception of our modern fleet, our Navy Department has, like every other, slavishly followed the British. Great Britain had battle-cruisers, and Germany had imitated her, so we must fall in line. Then came the one battle, between equal modern forces, that off Heligoland, and behold! the newest and finest British battle-cruiser, the Lion, was put out of business by a single German shot, which penetrated her vitals and so disabled her that she had to be towed in as if she were a wooden frigate of 1861. Then it appeared that the chief damage to the German ships was done to their decks, the range being so great (the big ships actually began firing at each other when they were only just visible through telescopes) that the British shots, instead of striking the sides, came plunging from above. As a result, there has actually been some discussion in Washington as to whether the decks of ships must not be roofed over with heavy armor! Of course, each ship is to have a triple bottom hereafter to guard against submarines—all of which enormously increases their cost and unwieldiness, and yet gives no assurance whatever that the ship will stay afloat if submarine.

Indeed, before the war, a French admiral, Degouy, went so far as to say that the only hope for the battleship was its transformation into a submarine! The submersible battleship, he thinks, will be about the size of the surface ships of ten or fifteen years ago. But the British have shown that the aeroplane is a very effective weapon against the submarine, and if you greatly increase the latter's size, it becomes much less immune from attack. Again, if you can have submersible battleships, you can have submersible cargo-boats, as the *Manchester Guardian* points out, and then what is to be

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come of submarine blockades, or any other kind? Then, to the confusion of the experts, submarines have been sinking submarines, and the British appear to have developed a defence against them which is beginning to tell heavily—the English have lost only four or five auxiliary cruisers by torpedoes in the last eight months in all the warfare in the Channel and the North Sea. No regular British warship has been sunk outside of the Adriatic since January 1. None the less, as British writers freely admit, the submarine has done so well that it is likely to be the prevailing type of warship, with its antidotes yet to be fully developed. However, it has been suggested in Washington by an officer that if a submarine appears on the surface, her crew should carry armored umbrellas to protect themselves from aeroplane bombs!

As for dirigible balloons, of which the navy has ordered one, we are still in the dark as to the failure of the Zeppelins to do anything but kill and maim civilians. It is said that they do not use all the terrible explosives they could carry because it would stagger humanity if they did. At any rate, here is another problem the navy men have to dispose of. As for questions of gunfire, if naval battles are to be fought by ships at a range of twelve miles, or when they are almost invisible, every preconceived theory of gunnery must be cast aside. Truly, the lot of the navy officers and officials who must make their recommendations to Mr. Wilson is not an enviable one. At heart many of them must agree with the common-sense of Representative Kitchin's statement that the time to legislate for the navy is when the war is over and its lessons can be really ascertained. As it is, the chances are that, being compelled to ask for something, and not knowing what, they will pass the plate to the taxpayer for a good bit more of everything—in fear and trembling lest the needlessness of the soup and the fish become apparent before they can draw from the Treasury what Congress grants for the roast and the dessert.

WHAT MAY BE HOPED FOR FROM THE "SHORT BALLOT."

In a letter printed in the *New York Evening Post*, the claims of the short-ballot amendments are challenged upon grounds quite different from those which have been most current. The correspondent does not seek to dispose of those claims by labelling the proposal as undemocratic; he envelops

the question in an atmosphere far more philosophical. But whether objections of the nature of those advanced in this communication have more substance than those of the ordinary standpatter may well be questioned. If there be any who expect that through the mere agency of the short ballot "sinecures, extravagance, trespasses, and graft, and all the ills that afflict the body politic where a short ballot does not exist, will promptly disappear," we quite agree with this writer that there is nothing in experience or in human nature to support these hopes. But we have no reason to believe that either the advocates of the short ballot or any considerable portion of the public which has been won over to its support indulge in any such idle dreams.

In regard to reforms in the mechanism of government, two opposite errors are made with about equal frequency—the error of ascribing to them a self-contained potency which they do not possess, and the error of supposing that if they do not possess this potency they are valueless or of little account. The Australian ballot will not insure pure elections in a community utterly indifferent to the purity of elections; but throughout the country thousands of communities which, in the days of the old-fashioned ballot, were constantly afflicted with the evil of fraudulent elections, have found it perfectly easy almost completely to eliminate that evil. The merit system in the civil service does not by merely being written into the statute book do away with the spoils system; but in the national Government, and in a number of our States and cities, the merit-system laws have been quite sufficient to reduce to comparatively insignificant dimensions the plague of spoils—and this during a period in which the magnitude of the spoils themselves, or rather of what would have been spoils under the old system, has enormously increased. In this matter there has been accomplished something little short of a revolution; and it was accomplished without any change in human nature. The mere writing of the law alone did not bring it about; what it did do was to give efficacy to sincere and intelligent efforts directed to that end, which without the law would have continued to be ineffective.

It is the same way with the short ballot. Like nearly all the maxims that condense into an epigram great questions of human conduct, those that point to the futility of mere changes in governmental mechanism are but half-truths at best. That "the stream cannot rise higher than its source"; that

"the welfare of society is dependent upon the character of its members"; that, as Pope has it—

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best—
all these things are very good as warnings
against the expectation of miraculous relief
through mere readjustments of form. But
to accept them as complete guidance would
be to ignore both abstract reason and concrete
experience. In some sense it may be
true enough that a people gets as good govern-
ment as it deserves; but everything de-
pends upon what you mean by deserts. If we
were all sufficiently wise, sufficiently vir-
tuous, and sufficiently energetic, we could
doubtless compel good government out of any
form of laws and institutions, however ab-
surd. But taking men as they are, nothing
is more certain than that the degree in
which the excellence of their government
may be made to correspond to the desires of
the community depends to a quite immea-
surable extent upon the ease or the diffi-
culty with which the apparatus can be made
to respond to those desires. The people of
New York State, for example, some years
ago showed quite unmistakably that they
wanted the kind of government which was
represented by the character and the pur-
poses of Gov. Hughes; they showed it not
only in electing him, but in the way in
which they responded to his appeals for sup-
port against the forces with which he had
constantly to contend while in the Executive
chair. Will anybody say that it would have
made absolutely no difference if he had been
free to give himself to the accomplishment
of his purposes without being compelled to
struggle with those obstacles?

That New Jersey has had the short ballot and yet has suffered under an aggravated form of boss rule only shows that more is necessary for the achievement of pure and efficient government than the mere shortness of the ballot. On the other hand, when one speaks of the failure of the movement towards concentration of responsibility in our cities to cure the ills of municipal government, we can but say that one flies in the face of facts which, so far as we know, very few would dispute. It may almost be said that the adoption of the New York city charter marked the beginning of a new era in American municipal government, an era presenting so great a contrast to what had preceded it that the most sanguine reformer could hardly have supposed the change to be possible in so short a time. There is scarcely a great city in the country that has not advanced to a position in which scandals

which in former days were regarded as matters of course have come to be almost unthinkable; and increased concentration of responsibility has undeniably been a chief agency in making this improvement possible. But, as the history of our own city only too amply attests, the change has been by no means automatic, nor indeed has the progress been one of unbroken continuity. The better form of government has but been a means of making solid achievement possible by a reasonable amount of earnest effort, whereas under the old form the effort required was beyond the capacity of our store of civic virtue. And the same thing may be expected in the State government when the same means have been put within the reach of the citizens, and the same power lodged in the hands of those to whom they entrust the administration of their affairs.

NERVE AND SKILL IN COMPETITION.

What has been said about the higher standardization that seems to have been attained in tennis as compared with golf would be borne out by the showing in the two championship competitions just finished. Of the golf "triumvirate"—the word has shot up into popularity, and triumvirates we shall have for some time to come—all three went down in the early rounds. Of the tennis triumvirate all survived the early rounds. At Forest Hills the older players prevailed. An upset in golf usually means the triumph of young pluck over tried skill. In tennis, on the other hand, it means usually the triumph of veteran strategy and cunning over fiery youth. That golf is the more open game is shown by the number of men who have won first and second place during the last ten years. In golf the twenty places have been held by fifteen men. In tennis the twenty places have been held by only six men.

In theory, the showing ought to be the other way. Games may be divided into two classes, the full competitive and the semi-competitive. In the first you fight against nature and an opponent. Such are tennis, baseball, football, where there is another man to prevent your working your will on the ball. Golf comes with all the field sports under the semi-competitive games, where essentially you play against yourself. Your own condition primarily determines how fast you will cover the mile on the track or the four miles on the water or the eighteen holes on the links. Any interference with an op-

ponent's doing his best constitutes a foul. In golf the only element of the kind is the stymie, and the morality of this play has lately been brought into question. In theory, tennis would be on the same basis as golf if the game consisted entirely in serving and the winner were determined by the least number of double faults in a given number of strokes. Yet theory is put entirely to flight by the facts. Golf, instead of being the more consistent game of the two, is much the more erratic. A correspondent from Detroit protested against the description of one player's game as mechanically effective. There is nothing mechanical in golf; and he quoted one eminent professional of the links: "You can't get far if the Lord isn't with you." This would put golf in the same class with the German armies.

To speak of golf as semi-competitive is to allow for the element of human opposition. Ouimet's fight against Vardon and Ray was very nearly as direct combat as if the English players had been permitted by the rules of the game to intercept Ouimet's ball and send it into a trap or bunker. The factor of playing to win enters into all games. And yet there is golf history, with its numerous instances of practice games made in marvelous figures, proving that the presence of a human opponent is not essential to bring out the best in a player. If, therefore, golf is uncertain, the explanation may be found in two facts: first, that the most formidable human opponent a man can meet is himself, and, secondly, that an inanimate opponent in the shape of bunker, trap, water hazard, or deep grass can arouse as much exasperation and be as fully destructive of nervous tissue as the most alert of living competitors. If anything, the obstacle is the more serious in golf. It is dumb rage that throws a man completely off his game, the presence of an enemy who is visible, but silent, contemptuously indifferent, who will not be "rattled" by your fine shot, and will not grow reckless when it scores against you. The effect of a sliced drive behind a tree, for its destructive psychological reaction, is not to be compared with a deadly placement by McLoughlin.

The psychology of golf is a problem which, we believe, Professor Münsterberg has not yet tackled with his measuring instruments. The results would be interesting. We might obtain a more precise explanation than the one outlined above for the puzzling fact that in golf, which theoretically should be more certain than tennis, we never dare speak of the invincible Travers as we used to speak of the invincible McLoughlin.

Foreign Correspondence

GERMANY IN ANTE-BELLUM FRANCE—PEACEFUL PENETRATION VERSUS WAR.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, August 21.

Have Americans any idea of the extent to which—before the war—Germans had penetrated France? Those in France who knew best the conditions of her industry and commerce, and agriculture, even, were not awake to it. Now that it is becoming known, it throws a queer light on Germany's attempted justification for entering into war so recklessly—that she was "encircled" and deprived of necessary "expansion."

The French Government has so far "sequestered" over 12,000 properties held by Germans in France. This represents rather more than fewer business enterprises; for many were company properties with branches in various parts of French territory, or one company was often engaged in multiple trade. The number also does not include countless business houses and undertakings carried on by more or less freshly naturalized French citizens hailing from across the Rhine and still retaining interests there. These sequestered properties are neither confiscated nor are their business operations brought to an end; but they are placed in the hands of a French Government receiver, to be administered with strict accountability until the peace settlement shall decide their future status.

Exactly what number of individual Germans thus found their opportunity of money-making in France it would be difficult to calculate; and moreover these openly German houses do not account for all the Germans finding occupation in France. They were everywhere—waiters in hotels, and brokers' clerks at the Bourse, and wherever international commission business or intermediaries were needed. And this leaves still beyond calculation the really German companies organized under the French law, which little by little were taking vast control of all sorts of industry and trade and navigation. And it was the same in Italy, not to speak of England.

A good example of what has been going on is the quite recent sequestering in Paris of the properties of a single man—Herr Jellinek, of the famous Mercedes Company. For the rest of France this had been done some time ago. They were his private properties, and are roughly estimated at a value of \$40,000,000. There was among them at least one hotel and villas on the Riviera; but he was also chief stockholder in six Paris hotels, in another at Trouville, and so on.

The most notorious of these was the Hotel Astoria, which now serves as the Japanese ambulance hospital. At the very beginning of war, while the hotel was still open, a wireless telegraph station was discovered on the roof, and a war story was made of the manager having been set up against a wall and incontinently shot. That is perhaps the way things would have been done in his Fatherland. In reality, the French authorities accepted his explanation, good or bad, and he

has been in a concentration camp until, very lately, a charge of embezzlement brought him back to answer before the courts.

The real crime had been, for half a dozen years, the existence of his hotel building. Contrary to all municipal regulation, its height had been run up above the sky-line of the neighboring circle of uniform houses, which give due proportion and symmetry to the great open space around Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe. Art Kolossal in such a neighborhood! Across the circle another hotel, also I think controlled by Germans, had set the example a little earlier, but not with such enormity. Well, until the war, neither legal process nor municipal right had been able to bring about the due cutting down of this monument!

It is not the place here to go into the very complicated subject of the preferential treatment of Germany by France in matters of international trade, and of German trade in France itself. This was a result of the Treaty of Frankfort, which was made after the war of 1870, and has been backed up *mauv militari* by Germany ever since. Besides customs tariffs and treatment more favorable than the most favored nation clause ever secured for England, its hard and fast provisions were so interpreted as to give the German resident in France privileges over Frenchmen themselves.

Baron von Schoen, the last German Ambassador, was an adept at such interpretation, and terrorized French Government authorities with his threats. A German business of automobile tires, organized as a French company, ought legally to have manufactured in France the products which it put on the French market—or it should have imported them from its German factory, duly marked "made in Germany," and have paid the legal duties. It found it cheaper to make its tires in Germany, to declare them at the frontier as undutiable material, and to mark them—beforehand at the German factory—"made in France." When the French customs tried to apply the law against this puerile evasion, Baron von Schoen became so threatening that the breach of law and treaty was overlooked. So it was ever since the Kaiser's threat at Tangier, and particularly since Agadir.

This was direct sharp practice, but the ultra-scientific "specifications" of a new customs tariff made by Germany also kept for herself all the favors in the reciprocity guaranteed to France by the Treaty of Frankfort. The few who follow in the United States American international relations will not need reminding of the virtual confiscation of Standard Oil property which was only suspended by the war (if it has been suspended), and the laughing of our diplomacy out of court in the negotiations concerning the potash monopoly some years ago. As to France, during forty-four years Germany has been her everlasting Shylock.

A little inland from the Norman seaport of Caen, there was iron ore which the French had not succeeded in working. Little by little, Herr Thyssen, the rival of Krupp, bought up the land roundabout, and obtained a concession for a railway to the port, where he bought wharfland. A hue and cry was raised just in time to allow Government to take over the few miles of rail, but Thyssen kept 40 per cent. of the mining company's stock, with the obligation of using his German coal in the

smelting. A line of vessels was to secure communications comfortably through the length of the Channel to a port in northern France, and so on to Germany. The completion of this scheme for Germanizing France war, too, has frustrated; but a similar taking possession of French mines by Germans was elsewhere an accomplished fact.

In the long run, more important than these showy enterprises would have been the slow, steady, sure infiltration of Germans into every line of French business. There is a big dress-making house near the Paris Opéra, the fingers of whose German backer were in many pies, including a fashionable perfume. Looking down the list of sequestered properties in Paris and surroundings, I find machine tools, and antiquities, clocks, cabinet-making, and galvanized tin boxes, commission houses, gloves, furs, knives, jewelry, electric appliances, numerous "banks," and so on, and so on—and "articles de Paris." At Havre, Germans had their hands on coffee, cotton, pepper, oils, dye-woods—with a pork butcher and a ladies' tailor. In central France, in the remote region of Le Puy, Germans were installed for laces, sewing and farm machines, hardware, leather, weaving, and pottery, lead-pencils, and manufactured rubber (tires "made in France"), furs, beer, playthings, and paper and printing.

So it has been going on all over the fair land of France. In the French protectorate of Tunis, ninety-seven German business houses have been sequestered. Wherever France has put her foot in Morocco, it has been the same; and the Mannesmann brothers were backed by German threats when they claimed universally all mining lands in virtue of concessions, inexplicit and unmapped, obtained from one or other fleeting Sultan. Progress was steady, and French law in practice protected Germans when it did not give them advantages over Frenchmen.

Even yet I have spoken only of the penetration of France by Germans personally. They had no reason to be dissatisfied with the spread of their products, material and intellectual. Their manufactured articles—often, as I have noticed, labelled "articles de Paris"—were in every shop. Their methods of painful erudition triumphed in the University at the expense of French common-sense and clearness. The Salon d'Automne was given over to their peculiar art, to a degree that has made suspicious minds imagine a fell design on their part to do away utterly with distinctive French taste. Opera and one state theatre were won over to their mistress. And only war has opened to French Socialists the abyss in which the country they loved was to be lost in a Germanization of humanity under the label of internationalism.

All this is now of the past. From workmen to professors of philosophy, Frenchmen have had sharp evidence of war to bring their minds and hearts back to themselves. I wonder if Germans in industry and commerce really expected that victory in war, with all its consequences of destruction and hate, would advance their interests faster than the peaceful penetration which was so sure. Perhaps they, too, are victims of Prussian militarism. It is certainly difficult to see how German business will once more gain possession of France. This generation is not likely to see again the peaceful invasions of German companies under protection of a

watchful Ambassador, ready at a moment's notice to emit threats that
—vaulted like rebounding ball.

THE NATIONAL REGISTRATION ACT—AN EMERGENCY MEASURE WHICH WILL PROBABLY BE OF LITTLE SERVICE

By T. L. GILMOUR.

LONDON, August 17.

We have all been busily engaged during the week-end in filling up the forms distributed throughout the length and breadth of the land, in accordance with the terms of the National Registration act—all of us, that is, who are over fifteen and under sixty-five. Parliament, in its wisdom, has decreed that this record of our national human resources shall be made, and the work has been carried out with, for the most part, efficiency and success from the point of view of organization. Twenty-five million forms have been printed; local bodies have been entrusted with the task of their distribution, collection, and the tabulation of the results, and these local bodies have called for and obtained the assistance of an army of volunteers to supplement their regular staffs. In its way, it is an admirable piece of organization, but its utility is a question upon which there is by no means complete unanimity of opinion. If we are to believe those who have been most clamorous for the work to be done, the completion of the national Register is to mark the beginning of a new era of national efficiency for the purposes of the war. "In twenty-four hours," wrote one enthusiast in a Sunday paper, "the National Register will be an actuality, and in a few days its practical use as an implement of state should have begun." This is, perhaps, the high-water mark of expectation, but it is none the less merely an exaggerated statement of the hopes which have been fostered in the minds of a large section of the population; hopes which, in the judgment of another not inconsiderable section, are inevitably doomed to disappointment.

The one thing which is beyond dispute about the National Register is that it was an emergency measure. No student of what is happening to-day in England can escape from the conclusion that the British Government and the British people are engaged in the gigantic task of improvising measures to meet a condition of things which neither Government nor people have foreseen. In a sense this is a reproach to us; but there is another sense in which we may call this very unpreparedness in aid of our plea that the responsibility for this world-catastrophe does not rest upon our shoulders. The underlying assumption upon which we in this country have hitherto organized our lives has been that peace was the normal condition of the existence of humanity, and war the abnormal. In Germany this assumption has been reversed by the class which counts. I do not see any reason to doubt that the commercial classes in Germany—apart from certain striking exceptions—and the great bulk of the industrial and agricultural workers were desirous of the preservation of peace; but none the less the German Government was organized for war.

The fact itself is not denied, and the best that can be said by those members of the governing class in Germany who feel under any obligation to explain, is that war was necessary as a preliminary to the establishment of that German hegemony of Europe which must ultimately bestow on that continent, not merely the blessings of a permanent peace, but the still greater treasures of the *Kultur* which is supposed to be Germany's large gift to humanity.

This pseudo-philosophic justification of Germany's war-preparedness we owe rather to those amazing professors in whose production Germany appears to enjoy a monopoly than to the East Prussian Junkers who are the real rulers of Germany, and to whom whatever credit there may be for this war-preparedness is due.

And for our lack of war-preparedness we must as a nation take whatever blame may be rightly imputed to us. But the point I want to make clear to our friends in America is that we have had to improvise very largely since the outbreak of the war, that we are still engaged in the difficult task of adapting our resources to the end we now have in view, and that this stupendous task, carried out as it must necessarily be by finite human beings, must equally furnish, necessarily, abundant material for criticism, both at home and abroad. The new National Register at its best can only provide the Government with the means of obtaining certain information on which action can be based, and it is certain that many of the perfervid anticipations based upon the making of the Register are foredoomed to disappointment. If the Register does not "in a few days demonstrate its utility" as an implement of state, the Government will once more find itself denounced in the columns of a certain class of newspapers as wholly incompetent to guide the national destinies. But those denunciations do not interpret the sentiments of the bulk of our people. Business men—the men who are accustomed to handle the practical affairs of life—do not fall into the vulgar error of supposing that twenty-five millions of forms can be tabulated and analyzed in a few days, or a few weeks, or that even when the information is available the Government will be able to assign to each citizen the work which he is most capable of doing to assist the nation in attaining the final goal of victory.

Yet it is as pathetic as it is disquieting to note the exaggerated hopes which are based upon the completion of the National Register. Look, for a moment, at the letter which Lord St. Audries has sent to the press, a letter instinct with the passion of patriotism, in which the writer—better remembered as Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, a former Chief Whip of the Tory party—recalls the reply which Captain Hood, of the Zealous, gave to Nelson at the battle of the Nile, when the Admiral asked if there was enough water to enable him to get in between the French fleet and the shore. "I don't know, sir," Hood replied, "but with your permission I will stand in and try." And here is Lord St. Audries's obviously sincere comment: "At this moment the great majority of men and women in this country want to 'stand in and try.' But they ask for directions from the Government as to how and where they are to try. When the National Register is completed the people

expect the Government to direct every man and woman recorded in its lists to the particular duty for which he or she is best fitted.

Was there ever such a demand made upon a Government? What can possibly be Lord St. Audries's conception of a "Government"? He cannot have a mental vision of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Lord Kitchener poring over the Register and deciding into which square, round, oblong, or polygonal hole each of the twenty-five million citizens is to be dropped. But if Cabinet Ministers are not to undertake the task, perhaps it is the permanent Government officials who are to decide our fate. Unfortunately, every Government department is already working under extreme pressure, and has had to be strengthened by the importation of large numbers of competent outsiders. There remains the Registrar-General, who is the official responsible for the compilation of the Register, and under whose supervision the tabulation and analysis of results will be carried out. But Lord St. Audries certainly does not mean that the Registrar-General is to tell him and others in like case what they are to do; still less, I imagine, does he propose to place these autocratic state powers in the hands of the local officials, who are the subordinates for this purpose of the Registrar-General.

The plain fact is that, except for the purpose of obtaining a record of the men of military age who are not actually engaged in military duties, the National Register will probably serve very little useful purpose, and the information as to the men of military age could obviously have been obtained with much less trouble and expenditure, and would have been so obtained but for the fact that, in that case, the opposition from those who do not want conscription would have been much more pronounced than against the more comprehensive scheme. Outside the question of military service, the difficulty which the Government is in is that it cannot utilize a tithe of the men who have already offered their services in any capacity for which they are required.

The pretence that the Register is required because it will bring to the knowledge of "the Government" men whose services could be of use, but who are not offering their services, is offensive and unjust. What is really happening is that the Government offices and individual members of the Government are inundated with offers of assistance from men who feel a sense of humiliation that they cannot render their country some distinct service in her hour of trial. An Eton master writes to the papers to say that he and many of his colleagues offered their services for the school holidays to the War Office, enumerating their various qualifications, but neither at the War Office nor at the Ministry of Munitions could their services be used. It is the same everywhere. There are far more willing workers than the Government can employ, and brutal though it may sound, the plain truth is that many of these crying to the Government for employment would best serve the state by doing better the thing they are already doing, and by practicing that individual personal economy which in the aggregate will contribute so materially to enable the country to meet the colossal financial responsibilities imposed on us by the war.

The Faerie Isle of Mackinac

IMPRESSIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

By W. H. JOHNSON.

I was walking on the ever beautiful summit of Mackinac Island. A shower of rain a few hours before had swept away a trifle of limestone dust, the only sooture that ever stains the foliage along its paths and drives, where the insistent automobile, with its malodorous fumes, is barred, the heavy wagon has no call to come, and only the light carriage with its smiling group of tourists now and then flashes into sight around some curve and melts away again among the trees.

I had strolled up from the little town through the old fort, and then through the short rifle range. For years no sound of target practice has startled the birds flitting among the cedars and balsams which densely line its sides. Clumps of ground hemlock break the grass which carpets its stony surface, and instead of the soldier's uniform which shone there in years long gone, the daintier blue of a little wild daisy flecks the green of the old range from end to end.

Clambering up the steep, gullied slope at the farther end of the range, I reached the highest level of the island, and after walking a few hundred feet came to "Point Look-out." A few miles to the northeast, a white spot on the rippled water identified itself through my glasses as the little excursion steamer which had left the island an hour before for the winding channels of "Les Cheneaux," whence the poorly mounted forms of a mascot or two always decorate the Mackinac docks by way of allurement to the angler. Northward my eye traced the darkly wooded shores of the curving bay of St. Martin, while far off to the east arose the smoke of a freighter emerging from St. Mary's River on its way down the Lakes. In the nearer distance an excursion steamer headed for "the Soo" was passing a long ore barge which was making its way into the straits for Lake Michigan. Below me, covering the mid level of the island to an extent of several hundred acres, stretched a dense carpet of treetops, the soft quivering beauty of which neither brush nor tongue could ever hope to reproduce. The coming autumn had already sketched in a forecast of the color scheme for later on. Here and there the limbs of a beech were tipped with that rich, warm russet brown which, I cannot doubt, was one of the qualities that gave to the tree its hold on the nature-loving soul of Virgil. The birches had a touch of their delicious yellow, a color which, as it appears in nature, so little deserves the discredit heaped upon it in certain connections by the slang of the thoughtless multitude. And the maples! How can one do justice to the unnumbered gradations of red and pink and yellow, now dazzlingly bright and again softly translucent, which had already caught them here and there and would soon transform the whole island into a flame of glory!

And scattered around and among the deciduous trees, now in broad dense groups, now in little clusters, and again in single isolation, was one green of the fir, and another green of the hemlock, and another of the spruce, and another of the pine, and yet others of the tamarack and the cedar, with gray limbs of beeches and white limbs of birches peeping through it all in a bewilderment of variety utterly inexpressible and yet absolutely harmonious.

Walking back to the southwestern side of the upper level, I gazed upon a different scene. Round Island, with its red lighthouse, lay close beneath, but separated by a deep channel, the pathway of all the great freighters that handle the commerce between Lake Superior and Lake Michigan. Beyond Round Island runs another narrow channel, and then the long island of Bois Blanc ("Boblo," in common parlance), broadening to the southward, and on the mainland across from its lower end the lazily rising smoke from the once-busy lumber town of Cheboygan. The steam from a Michigan Central train drew the eye up shore to Mackinaw City, from the docks of which the great car ferry, "Chief Wawatam," was backing out into the straits, presumably laden with a cargo of empty ore cars for the Duluth & South Shore Railway at St. Ignace. Westward, between the dimly rising islands of Waugoshance and Ste. Helene, one of the great passenger steamers from Chicago was looming black over the Lake Michigan horizon. Lumber boats, ore barges, pleasure craft dotted the straits here and there, while great flocks of gulls, frightened occasionally from their resting places, swept the air for a time in noisy evolutions and settled down again upon the limestone breakwater which protects the Mackinac docks.

In unresisting surrender to the witchery of the scene I had all but lost my consciousness of the severer realities of life when suddenly a whiff of wind stirred a bit of newspaper at my feet and brought into sight the brutal headlines that told of old-time hate and present death and future sorrow on the borderlands dividing half a dozen war-stricken countries of the Old World. And then the thought rushed into my mind: "What might have been, under other circumstances, the condition to-day of this great British-American borderland on which I am standing, amid surroundings that speak only of unmarr'd natural beauty and human peace and safety? I am actually standing upon the time-worn remains of a defensive embankment which figured actively in the War of 1812." Below me, on the brow of the mid-level, lay old "Fort Mackinac," a mere plaything in comparison with fortresses of recent times, where a little detachment of our troops was maintained until about twenty years ago. The needless fort was then abandoned to the State of Michigan, and to-day its neatly kept walls and barracks are but one of the attractions of the State Park Association. As I trained my glasses on it, a golden-haired girl sat jauntily on the diminutive cannon which adorns one of its an-

gles, and a young man at one side was focussing his camera upon her—the whole scene but little more suggestive of present-day fortresses than the boy's sailboat on the pond of Boston Common is suggestive of the Dreadnoughts now guarding the North Sea. Why is it thus?

Why do we give up to health and pleasure an island so near the border of a land once hostile, an island actually used in deadly warfare with that land a century ago, an island suited by its very nature for transformation into an impregnable stronghold, an island which, through its proximity to the mouth of the St. Mary's River and its absolute command of the entrance to Lake Michigan, would be of the most vital importance in case of war with our neighbors to the North? Why? The answer is simple. Considerations of human brotherhood have been allowed to have their way. Good sense has combined with good feeling to choke down among us that accursed falsehood of the ages that great nations cannot live and prosper side by side, free from the demoralizing suspicion that each is but waiting and praying for an opportunity to strike the deadly stroke that will enable it to build up its greatness and glory upon the ruins of the other. We look with contempt upon the man that prates of an "inevitable" war between these two nations for the control of North America. We spurn the lie that "peace" with the British is to be secured by turning our northern border into one long potential Hell of fire and steel which our neighbors will not dare to stir into action. We leave our mighty inland seas free from the menace of the Dreadnought, and our toilers keep in their hands the unlimited millions which would be wrung from them under the stimulus of a falsely named "patriotism" if the policy of border fortification were adopted. War inevitable? The time will yet come when among civilized nations that word will be more applicable to peace.

The next day, as I sat on the deck of a Detroit steamer and looked at the island settling back in the distance, another thought came to me. In various ways we have been commemorating a century of peace with Great Britain. What fitter memorial of that peace, what better earnest of its continuance, than a stately column rising into the air from the summit of Mackinac Island, its base resting upon the very site of the upper fort? The beacon light from its summit would catch the eye here and there of the traveller and boatman coming down from "the Soo," would gleam far beyond Detour over northern Huron, far south over the sailing routes to the lower lakes, and far out beyond Waugoshance and Ste. Helene into upper Lake Michigan, far over the woods and fields of both peninsulas of Michigan and into the Canadian forests beyond the St. Mary's, and everywhere it would carry its reminder of that peace whose blessings are so much a part of our everyday life that we lose consciousness of their source and of the conditions of their retention. What better use could some one of our wealthy philan-

thropists whose fortunes have had their genesis so largely in this northern region make of some portion of that gain than to build such a monument, dedicating it in some fitting form of words to that nobility of purpose and clearness of insight which have enabled these two nations to realize that the way to maintain peace with each other is to believe in peace and to prepare for peace? And in such a monument there might be a prophecy of the day when it will be a safe and fitting thing to melt the cannon that frown over the Straits of Gibraltar and raise their metal on the famous rock in the form of a monument to the assured peace of the civilized world.

Book Notes and Byways

THE MODERN PART OF A UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

A few years before the issuing of the first edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," that Scottish work, there was published at London, in 1766, the third edition of the Universal History—"the most valuable history that ever was," at least in the opinion of the pirates of the first edition. This has been called "Sale's Universal History." George Sale, translator of the Koran, may have proposed the scheme to the booksellers. But Sale died in 1736, the date given as that of the first edition, folio, of the Universal History, which appeared in parts, so many sheets a month, possibly beginning in 1736. Sale's contribution was for the difficult period from the Creation to the Flood. John Swinton [1703-1777] had a share in the work. He had been for a time chaplain of the English factory at Leghorn. Boswell says of the learned Mr. Swinton that he was absent-minded, so much so that preaching before malefactors to be executed during the week, he ended his discourse by saying he would continue "on next Lord's Day." George Shelvocke [d. 1760], son of the privateer whose voyage furnished Coleridge with the Albatross incident, had a part in the composition of the Universal History; as also George Psalmanazar [d. 1763], the famous literary impostor who, born in the south of France, posed so skilfully as a Japanese convert. Archibald Bower, of Dundee [1686-1766], Jesuit and then no Jesuit; and Dr. John Campbell, of Edinburgh [1708-1775], who never passed a church without taking off his hat, were, according to Dr. Johnson, the other authors of the Universal History. Bower, author of a History of the Popes, wrote for the Universal History the History of Rome to 1453. He is said to have been the general editor of the edition of 1747, receiving £300 and doing very little.

This laborious work was so well regarded from its first publication that it was pirated here and there, certainly in Ireland. The London booksellers who had projected the work determined on a second and revised edition, which began to appear in 1747, with the promise that a Modern Part, then preparing, would shortly be issued. The dedication of 1747 was to the professors in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, obligations to them being acknowledged. It is significant that not one of the authors, so far as they are known, occupied a professor's chair at either University;

only Mr. Swinton had any university connection, being keeper of the archives at Oxford for ten years after 1767.

In 1766 there was issued a third edition with the promised Modern Part included—"after a long delay, occasioned by a variety of accidents which could not be foreseen, the Modern Universal History now makes its appearance." Who wrote the long Preface of 1766 to the Modern Part, it would be of much interest to know. Perhaps it was Dr. Campbell, but this is merely a guess. The Preface contains more than one acute observation, such as Dr. Campbell showed himself capable of in his "Political State of Europe," published in 1750. It is clear, for one thing, that we do not know who were the authors of the Modern Universal History, notwithstanding the title page—"By the Authors of the Ancient Part." The Preface runs (p. xiii): "The reader is not to expect to find the same accuracy, either of language or composition, in every part of this history. A plan so very extensive required a great variety of hands as well as length of time to carry it into execution. Sometimes death interposed, and an original author left his work unfinished in such a manner that the plan upon which he went was often unintelligible to his successor. Sometimes materials proved defective, which left most lamentable chasms in the work, that could be replaced only by painful investigation and elaborate researches. . . . We know not, for instance, an authentic history of the European transactions for forty years past. This laid the editors under inexpressible disadvantage." For example, the history of Prussia is given in twenty-one pages (vol. xxxi).

To an American to-day, material of great interest in this work is supplied by Dr. Campbell's history of the settlements in the East Indies (vols. vi, vii, and viii). Indeed, in the Preface it is hoped "that the reader will be particularly pleased with the labor and attention which have been bestowed upon a complete history of the commerce to, and the settlements in the East-Indies by the several European nations; an history which has been carefully compiled from such materials as occur to very few individuals and is indeed the fruit of the most elaborate and successful researches." As much might be said of the accounts of the Gold, Slave, and Ivory Coasts (vols. xiii, xiv).

And who wrote the history of America, before Robertson? (vols. xxxiv, xxxv, xxxvi)—

"The editors think they have a claim to the patronage of the public on account of the history of America contained in the following work. It is the first general history of that extensive country that has ever appeared in the English language." It is not impossible that Dr. Campbell put together this first general history of America. Dr. Johnson was a little jealous of "Cawmell," but is reported to have described him as the "richest author that ever grazed the common of literature."

Dr. Campbell had written a "Concise History of Spanish America" which went through two editions; and in 1762, at the request of the Earl of Bute, he wrote a "Description and History of the New Sugar Islands in the West Indies." It must be said, however, that Dr. Campbell, in work certainly his, is scrupulous in the citation of authority, whereas the author of this America is sparing in that regard, and for parts of the British North American Colonies has been content to follow Oldmixon's "British Empire" of 1741, itself a very unequal record. The distribution of this "History of America" is as follows: Mexico and

South America, 632 pages; British North America, 458 pages; the West India Islands, 198 pages; Summary, 92 pages; in all, 1,380 pages, large 12mo, reckoning by the format of the edition of 1779.

That is to say, a fourth edition was brought out, 1779-1784, by the Rivingtons, Longman, Cadell, Murray, and other booksellers, who declare in their advertisement that the enterprise had been "accompanied with almost unprecedented expense." These sixty volumes (including the four on the British Isles added after the general and minute index volume), form still a shelf of good reading, eighteen volumes for the ancient history, and the remainder for the modern history, the modern part beginning with the Empire of the Arabs, treating then of all Asia, proceeding on to Africa, reaching Europe by way of Malta, going thoroughly into the Continent of Europe (eighteen volumes), with fitness entering upon America immediately after the Kingdom of Savoy. Not one of the known authors was living in 1784 when the sixtieth volume appeared, and changes enough had been wrought during the publishing of the Modern Part, to say nothing of the Ancient.

A. J. MORRISON.

Notes from the Capital

A GRADUATE IN ASTRONOMY.

As the spokesman of Ambrose Swasey to announce the establishment of an Engineering Foundation with a fortune built on telescope-making, Henry Smith Pritchett renewed his touch with the profession in which he won his first successes.

In the youthful minds of my generation astronomy was associated with a tradition of flowing gray beards, bent figures, enveloping gowns, run-down slippers, and general shabbiness. Our successors have broken bravely away from it; yet I confess to a flash of surprise whenever I meet Dr. Pritchett on his occasional visits to Washington, and reflect that he began life as a professional star-gazer—began life, mark you! not merely drifted into the calling after middle age. There is not about him the first suggestion of the frontispiece of the medical almanac. His star-gazing began when he was eighteen, and at twenty-five he was sent by the Government to New Zealand to observe the transit of Venus. He saw enough of stars before he was forty-five to avoid hitching his wagon to one, and settled down with his feet on the earth as president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He had already developed a remarkable faculty for attracting the notice of men of large authority and influence, among them Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury in the McKinley Cabinet, who called him to Washington to take the superintendency of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, which needed overhauling in various parts of its mechanism. It was there the Technology trustees found him in 1900, when they brought him to Boston; but before he had been long in his new position the all-commanding Iron-Master made a bid for his services as trustee of the Carnegie Institution in Washington and president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

Though within a stone's throw of sixty years of age, and compassing in his career a variety of experiences which would have over-ripened many a person of different constitution and temperament, you might take Pritchett to-day for a well-cared-for man of affairs not more than fifty years old. He has one of those faces that make no pretence of keeping faith with the calendar. It would take a discriminating physiognomist to detect now wherein it had changed materially since its thirtieth birthday, just as it would have required an expert then to estimate its age within twenty years. Its complexion is fresh enough to-day, and the hair and "Van Dycks" that frame it have always run enough to grays to leave the total effect somewhat puzzling. The dapper costume, the energetic gait, the alert manner, and the diplomatic address of this very modern professor are among the first things to impress you with his personality. In conversation, regardless of the direction it may take, you will find him at once well grounded in his own opinions and entirely tolerant towards yours, unless you trench too arrogantly upon some ground which is plainly his preserve and goad him into vigorous resistance. You presently take his measure as a man who, in ordinary circumstances, would far rather go over an obstacle, or around it, than waste time on a tedious and possibly futile effort to force it out of his path.

Whenever he has been placed in control of an office or institution, his first aim has been to humanize it—to bring it into active relations with the life of the present day. At the "Tech." he launched a number of such enterprises, like the study of architectural engineering on lines of insurance against the destruction or deterioration of buildings through the continually extending uses of electricity. The problems of the disposal of sewage and garbage and purification of water were made subjects for special courses of inquiry. Biological investigation was taken up on a fresh plan, by transfer from the laboratory to the open field. With an eye to future possibilities, particular attention was given, in the department of marine architecture, to naval construction, and arrangements were made with the Federal Government for entering yearly a few cadets from Annapolis to perfect themselves in this branch and join the constructors' corps in the navy. Not least in importance among the questions to which President Pritchett addressed himself was that of promoting a closer fellowship between professors and students by means of gatherings in their recreation hours, after the manner in vogue in German universities; but here he found his progress impeded by a protest from part of the community who interpreted his proposal to mean that the use of beer and tobacco was to be encouraged among the student body for sociability's sake. The newspaper paragraphers caught up the idea, and it required a long period of explanation to convince the remonstrants that no particular programme of refreshments or indulgences was included in his general scheme of fraternization.

Just what complete accomplishments are to be credited to Dr. Pritchett in his later associations it may be still too soon to estimate; there can be no doubt, however, in the mind of any one who has read the reports of the Teaching Foundation that he has sounded a new note there. Formal bul-

lets on educational topics are not usually a line of light literature sought by the lay multitude; but Dr. Pritchett's, which bear the mark of his personal authorship, are as entertaining as a volume of light essays. They have the truly human touch; and they lift the cover off shams and dissect the elements of ineffectiveness, or point the way to better methods for worthy schools struggling under handicaps, in a fashion most refreshing. Their philosophic moderation, tinged with a transparent humor, constitutes one of their positive charms; for the temptation to aggressive reformers to mix a little spleen with their candor of speech must be at times too great for any but the best balanced to resist.

VIEILLARD.

Literature

THE "EUGENICS" OF WAR.

War's Aftermath: A Preliminary Study of the Eugenics of War. By David Starr Jordan and Harvey Ernest Jordan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents.

The fundamental inspiration of this work is the proposition that all war is intrinsically bad. The authors also seem sure that war's consequences are invariably evil. These views are set forth with the fervor and occasional inexactness of expression conventionally known as feminine, and, now and then, with a flaw in logic that more distinctly marks the special advocate than distinguishes the judge. As used, "aftermath" is a figure not closely representing the yeoman's definition, and "eugenics" in the sub-title and in the text assumes a sense that outrages etymology and subverts its common and its academic meaning of race-culture. It is constantly made to imply generative degradation and is occasionally replaced by "contra-selection," expressing deterioration or debasement. Carried away by the sight and study of Macedonian horrors, the writer of the introduction, the chief director of the World's Peace Foundation, makes it a rhapsodical invective against war as war, not a direct argument for peace. His violence weakens a justifiable denunciation of warfare in the abstract, and confidence in his judgment is impaired by his lack of logical precision and of literary balance.

Logical discussion of so grave a question as the fundamentals of war requires catholic comprehension. One may acknowledge war to be an evil, but may justly hold that some wars have been lighter evils than theills thereby removed or avoided. But when acceptance is demanded (p. 95) for Franklin's dictum that "there never was a good war," the author's commentary, that "no bad war ever gave way to a good peace," immediately sets up an inexorable dilemma. From the premises (1) that all wars are bad, and (2) that from no bad war a good peace can follow, the conclusion is necessary that, once war, there can be no beneficent peace—a practical, if not a logical, *reductio ad absurdum*. The sole avoidance is to suppose that the text misrepresents the thought.

Because of its extent and its intimate relation to ourselves, the struggle for Secession is drawn upon through analysis of existing demographic conditions for continuing examples of the consequences of that war and, by inference, of other wars. Opening the study, the authors place (p. 2) the mortality for the whole country at "nearly a million of young men largely of superior social worth." Another estimate (p. 4) is seven hundred thousand, which, without explanation, is held to be too low by three hundred thousand, and thus for the second time the total is assumed to be one million not unequally divided. In a comment upon the war's continuing influence, is this remark (p. 21): "One is most profoundly impressed . . . with the . . . unutterable loss in the slaughter of a million of similar souls of knightly spirits before they could leave their princely stamp on human issue." Not only is the mortality for the third time set at a million, but the context implies, but does not affirm, that it all fell upon the defenders of the Confederacy, which, of course, was not the case, nor is it so meant. The construction is loose as well as florid, and here, at least, conjecture replaces evidence. Carefully compiled tables of the War Department, published in 1885 and easily accessible, set the aggregate deaths on the Union side from all causes as practically three hundred and sixty thousand, and conscientious estimates by the same experts, based upon the partly preserved military statistics of the Confederacy, assess the total Disunion mortality at three hundred thousand. The vital loss accepted by competent statisticians thus was about two-thirds of that herein assumed. This discrepancy of a third of a million in the deaths, even when distributed over four years among thirty-one and a half million whites (four and a half of military age), may fall within permissible statistical variation; but it shakes one's faith in the accuracy of a study a part of whose argument rests upon the total loss of life and the associated decrement of all kinds.

As a survey of the war's consequences over the whole South would require years, there was contemplated an intensive study of typical localities where the original wastage had been great, and there had followed minima of new manufacturing or other industries which might modify present conditions. There was first proposed for investigation what, with curious disregard of official nomenclature, is persistently styled "Spotsylvania" County, in Virginia. This wisely was rejected because social and economic changes there have tended to obscure the direct biological effects of the conflict; and it is noted here merely to suggest that the collegiate authors owe an apology to the *manes* of Sir Alexander Spotswood for this misuse of his historic name. Rockbridge County, in Virginia, and Cobb County, in Georgia, were then chosen as the crucibles whose dross and slag would best show the operation of war's furnace. Rockbridge is in the upper valley. Its activities before the war were

those of the small farmer, and have undergone "no serious economic changes." Cobb County is described as "a rural district on the line of Sherman's march, and therefore laid waste during the war." Cobb County was fought over in Gen. Sherman's advance upon Atlanta, which lies in another county to the southward. It is not in that line of progress to the sea commonly known as "Sherman's march." Hence "therefore," as just employed, may indicate bias rather than knowledge, or it may simply be another example of historic inexactness. Nevertheless, the Federal and Confederate armies that marched and fought through June, 1864, from Kenesaw to the Chattahoochee, subjected the region to the inevitable, whether or not intentional, adversities that accompany hostilities. These justify making the territory an example of the effect of war upon a community that was previously at rest and whose later condition has been little modified by economic changes not directly due to the war itself. But whatever was learned through the investigations in these selected localities has not been revealed. Nothing is said of the conditions in Cobb County, except that they will be treated elsewhere. Of Rockbridge, it is only mentioned that complete records of the local military companies are extant. There follows a superficial commentary on desertion, with no reference to the oath of enlistment or to principles, and little or none to company discipline, to *esprit*, or to the efficient causes of that heinous crime.

Apart from the Macedonian chapter, the book is substantially a discussion of the answers to thirty propositions (therein reproduced) that had been "sent broadcast over the South to the surviving Confederate officers and other men of intelligence, for comment and criticism." "To the surviving Confederate officers" is more likely to be a fault of construction than to be the fact. The propositions, "usually in the words of some thinking veteran," are condensations of opinions elicited from hundreds of representative men, interested spectators of the war, of much that immediately preceded it, and of all, as they prefer to express it, that has meanwhile "transpired." Beginning, the authors thank "these Confederate heroes for their painstaking efforts to help us in our attempt honestly to verify the final and most intimate argument against war, namely, that it robs a country of its fundamental asset, its best young citizenship, the potential ancestors of the 'thoroughbreds' of the coming generation." This definitely announces that the subject-matter is an ex parte presentation of the negative when war offers itself as a solution of a grave public question. It entirely ignores the possibility that the warrior may uphold against violence high ideals, and defend, even with his life, persons and principles upon whose conservation depends, besides the somatic, the intellectual and spiritual life and the vital prosperity of a community.

The speculations thus grouped assume that various evils are the more or less continuous

consequences of the war, and that otherwise these would not have befallen. They range from the direct mortality of the field to such indirect happenings as an unusual death-rate among war-widows. Sherman's alleged epigram is accepted as a finality, and from it war *qua* war becomes the parent of all ill. Space permits few selections. The first proposition, weak historically and logically, is "The leading young men of the South were a part of select companies of militia, and these were the first to enlist." No lesson is drawn from this in terms; but its tone leads to the inference that, being nominal soldiers, they promptly responded to the call to arms. The unexpressed conclusion seems to be that, as war is an evil, so the organized constituents of an army are evil agents, and young men taking part therein set a bad example in proportion to their social standing. Now, away from the larger towns, the organized militia in the South was insignificant, and the underlying motive was not war, but protection against possible servile insurrection. Thus in the great State of North Carolina—of 60,000 square miles and a population, in 1860, of 680,000—there were only six companies at the beginning of the war. All through the South the rural companies were virtually merely armed posses for possible summons by the sheriff. In the cities, the "crack" companies, as the Blues of Richmond, the Chat-ham Artillery of Savannah, the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, were essentially social clubs in martial disguise, with the excuse of a negro uprising in the background. When secession became imminent, of course, a multitude of military organizations sprang up. But they did not cause the war; they were its product.

It is unfortunate that praiseworthy desire for peace should be so blended in the minds of certain emotional advocates with hatred of abstract war, that they fail to admit that any desirable results may be attainable by force. Filled with zeal, itself a form of contention, they seem blind and deaf to example and argument. Nevertheless, our own country owes its independent existence and its unimpaired unity to two righteous wars. Because violent and abrupt death is undesirable, that should not prevent its infliction in self-defence upon armed robbers. In the protection against unprovoked destruction of collective homes and the institutions that secure them, war is as laudable as the defence of the family units. Philosophers and patriots endure, for the advantages expected to follow, financial loss, corporeal suffering, and death itself, the essential elements of conflict, against those who repudiate arbitration and assault without cause. Rapine and merciless destruction are no more the necessary concomitants of war than the *auto da fé* is for the propagation of religion. The argument against physical suffering endured in war is equally applicable to the relief of such suffering through beneficent surgery. In each case, when properly applied, relief and progress follow. The infallible Teacher has said: "When the strong man

fully armed guardeth his own palace, his goods are in peace." He is prepared for armed resistance, and there is no suggestion that such resistance should not be made. David's psalm of thankfulness gives no intimation that combat in a good cause is censorable. "Blessed be Jehovah my rock, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight."

CURRENT FICTION.

Sally on the Rocks. By Winifred Boggs. New York: Brentano's.

The publishers' "catchy" description on the cover, and chapter headings such as "I did some hustle for a husband," give a misleading notion of the character of this story. It is, as these things suggest, a trifle vulgar, but it is also exceptionally clever. The heroine, of somewhat dubious antecedents, has made a living as a third-rate artist in Paris. At thirty-one she finds herself penniless and thrown out of employment by the war. She sees before her a choice between marriage and a less respectable use of her personal attractions. The alternative being granted, she chooses the better part, and selects as the object of her pursuit Alfred Bingley, a highly respectable bachelor of forty, with a comfortable income, living in the village of Little Crampton, where she has friends. Bingley is a novel and amusing person. Self-satisfied, old-maidish, and fat, he is convinced that it is time for him to marry; and in this matter he is guided by a manuscript volume of maxims left him by his mother. This, magnificently bound and inscribed with gold letters, "*The Book*," he religiously consults on all appropriate occasions. Since he is pursued not only by Sally, but by an eligible widow, these occasions are pretty numerous; and the sharp warnings of the late Mrs. Bingley—her maxims are mostly "don'ts"—plunge him into deeper and deeper perplexity. His ultimate emancipation from *The Book* furnishes a most amusing scene.

As to Sally, there are two other men in the story: one a former accepted lover, the other a soldier, cashiered for disobedience, whom she saves from suicide. The village gossip, vigorously caricatured, plays the part of villain. Sally herself is an entertaining if not always plausible mixture of sordidness, good sportsmanship, and a kind of aspiration. The book is crisply written, and shows unusual talent for caricature.

The Invisible Might. By Robert Bowman. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

This is a tale of the Russia of Mr. George Kennan, the land of oppression and suppression, the antechamber, for free spirits, of Siberia. The "invisible might" is the power of the police, with its careful surveillance and its summary "administrative orders." The victim in this instance is the young wife of an ambitious Russian diplomat. She has fallen under suspicion

through friendship with a woman of advanced ideas, and is virtually imprisoned upon her husband's country estate. There comes an English engineer, who develops an abandoned copper mine on the estate. Work is found thereby for the starving peasants, and the whole neighborhood begins to prosper. But the husband's local agent does not approve of this, since it threatens his personal authority and his means of dishonest gain. With Oriental cunning he puts the young mistress into such a position and mood as to provoke a single rash speech, which, reported duly at Petersburg, is enough to condemn her to exile. The Englishman tries to rescue her, but the pair are caught before they have crossed the border, the woman carried off to Siberia, and the man banished forever from Russia. After eight years word comes to him that she is living in a certain tiny Siberian village, to which, under the guise of an American journalist, he makes his way. The husband is now dead, and the lover is determined to make sure of whatever happiness may remain for them. The scene in which he finds the woman in her cottage, sodden with drink and almost indifferent to him, is a terrible one. He makes all allowances; she has been driven to vodka as a saviour from madness. He insists that she must fly with him and become his wife. But she sees the hopelessness of the attempt; and it is she who, by a woman's means, conquers in the end. The story is told simply and tensely, by one who is evidently familiar with Russian life and with the Russian novelists.

The Young Absalom. By E. Charles Vivian. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The thriving and not too scrupulous manufacturer and his visionary reforming son grow a trifle threadbare as objects of fiction. "*The Turmoil*" was one of the latest American renderings, and apparently met the enthusiastic hearing which a great number of persons are always willing to give to an old familiar fable with an up-to-date flavor. The young man, Absalom, who is an English young man, and whose unfigurable name is Paul, returns from Cambridge with a head full of that undergraduate socialism which so literally and fatally bases itself upon Christian theory. He finds that the men in his father's employ are ill-housed and ill-paid. The father is devoted to the son, but cannot agree with his views. They part, and the son deliberately becomes leader of a strike in the paternal "works." He has already lost the maiden of aristocratic lineage whom he might otherwise have married; she is unable to share his interest in the populace. It is now for him to lose, through the machinations of the villain, the fight for his people, and (a handy finish for dreamers) his life. The villain is, of course, rich—he is the other member of the manufacturing firm, who cannot permit the father's affection for his son to endanger the business. Incidentally, he uses the good name of his own wife to effect Paul's downfall. When

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Paul is slain by a motor, the father, again of course, yields everything he could not yield while his son was alive. It is all (reflects the jaded one, wearily) pretty trite in matter, and in manner not sufficiently fresh to conceal that triteness. On the whole, a book of less merit than most of those importations which its publisher has ventured within the past five years.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

Restatement and Reunion. By Burnett Hillman Streeter. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.

Marching Men. By Leonidas Robinson. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1.25 net.

Modern Theology and the Preaching of the Gospel. By William Adams Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Jesus and His Parables. By George Murray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2 net.

The author of "Restatement and Reunion" was one of the principal contributors to "Foundations," a book which created a considerable stir in orthodox theological circles. The fact that he is Fellow, Dean, and lecturer on theology and classics in Queen's College, Oxford, is sufficient assurance of his scholarly qualifications. The title of his work indicates its general character. In sympathy with many of the conclusions of modern criticism, he writes, nevertheless, as a convinced Christian and churchman, while maintaining that, in the light of new knowledge, some modification in the text of ancient formularies is an absolutely essential preliminary to the establishment of anything resembling Christian unity. He does not hesitate to charge the Church of England—which, he says, ought to stand primarily for charity, sanity, and the love of truth—with upholding some of the chief obstacles to it, especially in the matter of inter-communion. Absolute unity he regards as neither possible nor desirable, as it could only be imposed by a dogmatic authority, which inevitably would provoke worse revolt and confusion. He suggests, as the wisest and most practicable policy, progressive federations first between the various sects within the leading Protestant communions, and then between those communions themselves. This, he thinks, might save the way to an agreement with the Orthodox Eastern churches. This accomplished, the Roman Church would be deprived of its numerical preponderance, and might be induced to make concessions. In considering Church and State he gives a masterly summary of the correlation between the ecclesiastical and political histories of Rome and Constantinople.

In "Marching Men" Dr. Robinson considers current problems of childhood, pulpit, and pew. He displays rare common-sense in his remarks upon the mischief done to religion by the Puritanical spirit, which has invested it with a Pharisaical solemnity and dissociated it from the innocent joy of life, especially in the case of children. An ardent

supporter of the principles of Froebel, Pestalozzi, and Dr. Montessori, he maintains that dogma forced upon children is a fertile source of infidelity in adults. To the clergy, as teachers of young and old, he recommends diligent study of modern psychology. Venerably evangelical in spirit, the main thesis of his book is the inspiration and organic unity of the Bible as a whole, which, he maintains, are not affected by modern literary and scientific criticism, much of which he regards as well founded but immaterial. Particularly interesting is his citation of Judaism as a lesson to Christian dogmatists.

In his "Modern Theology and Preaching of the Gospel" Dr. Brown, professor of systematic theology in the Union Theological Seminary, discusses the present opportunities and duties of the churches. This book exhibits spiritual vision and broad toleration, combined with forceful and attractive logic. Arguing that modern theology—of which his definition, it may be remarked, is somewhat indefinite—has actually been of essential service in clarifying and broadening, and thus strengthening, the true Christian perception, the author, with a studious avoidance of dogmatic assertion, maintains the authority of the Bible as the history of a progressive revelation, which had Christ for its chief illustration and which is still proceeding. For the proof of the divinity of Christ he relies not only upon the fulfilment in his person of the prophecies of the Old Testament and the record of the New, but upon the perfect realization in his character and conduct of the God-like man, intensely human and divinely spiritual, whose production was the object of the whole creative scheme. To further this purpose, he goes on to argue, is the duty and privilege of the whole Christian body, working under the direction of the churches, the repositories of sacred truths. For these the present imperative duty is the abandonment of futile disputes over man-made creeds and formularies and organization for the effective propagation and establishment of essential Gospel principles.

Dr. Murray, in discussing the parables of Jesus, groups them under five heads: Grace in the Individual Life, Pharisaism the Foe, Fellowship with God the Ideal, The Course of the Kingdom, and Discipline and Judgment. It is a somewhat arbitrary, but, on the whole, convenient and satisfactory arrangement. There is nothing particularly new in his exposition, but he writes with a thorough comprehension of the aptness and significance of all the minor details of plan and circumstances, and with clearness and conviction. In tone he is broadly evangelical, and in his interpretation of some of the less obvious meanings ingeniously definite.

The similarity of intent and, broadly speaking, of argument, in these books, representing different schools of religious thought, indicates a growing conviction, even among theologians, that the efficacy of the simple message of the Gospels is not increased by the multiplication of ecclesiastical interpretations and ordinances.

THE DATA OF POLITICS.

Bodies Politic and their Governments. By Basil Edward Hammond. Cambridge University Press; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This volume is not, as its title might imply to the unwary, a study of contemporary States and Governments. It is rather a contribution to the data of political evolution, a sketch-book of movements in the history of statecraft, with a genealogy of political institutions based thereupon. About a dozen years ago the author published his "Outlines of Comparative Politics," in which he began with a new classification of political communities and then proceeded to group his historical surveys around each type or category. The present work is not a mere revision of that useful volume: it is a complete re-writing of it, with much new material and a reversal of the method pursued. The historical surveys now precede, and the classifications follow.

By far the larger portion of Mr. Hammond's discussion is devoted to a description of ancient and medieval governments: Greek and Roman political institutions take up, in fact, more than half his pages. Here he is on familiar ground, but his very familiarity is to some extent an obstacle, since the prolixity of detail often really obscures the panorama that he is striving to set before the eyes of his readers. Useful summaries are given from time to time, however, and these help greatly to clear the course of the narrative. The author believes it to be demonstrable that, in ancient communities particularly, the parentage or derivation of a political institution often exercised a paramount influence in determining its character. Hence he arranges his bodies politic in genealogical tables which illustrate, as it were, the pedigree of each.

The later chapters endeavor to supply the data for conclusions on the relationship and descent of political institutions in modern states. Europe gets the bulk of the author's attention, but the Government of the United States receives twenty pages of portrayal, on most of which there are, unfortunately, some serious misstatements. Not all of these errors can well be catalogued here; mention of a few will indicate how easily the author has slipped into pitfalls that might readily have been avoided. The words "original jurisdiction" in the Federal Constitution do not necessarily convey "sole jurisdiction" (p. 486); it is puerile to say that the States of the Union may draft their own Constitutions subject to the single condition that they cannot "set up a king" (p. 387); and it is not correct to state broadly that the lower house of Congress "must be elected by all the citizens" (p. 488). In one place we are told that "by the year 1789 the Constitution had been ratified by conventions in all the thirteen States" (p. 485); a little later we learn, more accurately, that "by 1790 all the thirteen com-

munities had ratified" (p. 490). Readers may well open their eyes at the statement that the first ten amendments "only made clear what was doubtful" in the original Constitution, and that the delegates in the Constitutional Convention would probably have incorporated these amendments "if they had occurred to their minds" (p. 490). "Each Federal Court," Mr. Hammond discovers, "has one officer, a marshal, to put its decisions into execution," but lest it be thought that our judicial decisions go unexecuted, the author quickly explains that "if the marshal is impeded in his duty" he can "summon Federal troops from Washington, the seat of the Federal Government" (p. 493).

With reference to the growth and government of American cities, it would be hard to crowd into three pages a more absurd chronicle than this volume gives us. Let a short quotation suffice to show how far the author's study has been careful or his judgment sound:

The thirteen States that made the Union had the power to rule their cities, and while the cities were small they made use of it effectively; now that the cities have attained to great size and wealth it is of no avail, because the cities partly by numbers of votes and partly by bribery and threats control the legislatures of the States; . . . The cities are independent, or are city States, in almost every particular except that they wage no wars, and thus are like the Greek maritime cities before 480 B. C. . . . It is not then surprising that they have class governments, or perhaps I should say, bastard class governments. . . . New York can afford to keep an adulterine class government because it can never need to defend itself in war (p. 499).

One may well be inclined to fight shy of the "pedigrees of bodies politic" if they are to be compiled from such data as these!

THE JAPANESE IMMIGRANT AP- PRAISED.

The Japanese Problem in the United States.
By H. A. Millis. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

There was a call for a discussion, up to date, of the highly important Japanese question, based on indisputable facts, gathered from the whole extent of the field, and interpreted by one who is at home in such discussion. Happily, these conditions are realized in the present treatise. Professor Millis was chosen by the Commission on Relations with Japan, appointed by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, as a specialist who had already given time and attention to the subject of immigration. Five years ago he was employed as agent in charge of the investigations made by the Immigration Commission in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States. The book does not supersede that excellent piece of work, "The Japanese American Problem," published last year by Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, to which it may be regarded

as supplementary. In literary finish and other valuable qualities it is distinctly inferior to its predecessor. The absence of an alphabetical index, for instance, is a drawback.

The writer's point of view naturally differs from that of Dr. Gulick, who, as professor in a Japanese institution, regards the question from the side of fair play for the Japanese immigrant. Professor Millis, on the other hand, is interested in the Japanese immigrant as one of a group comprising Chinese, Mexican, Russian, Austrian, Filipino, Hindu, and even Spaniard and Porto Rican. The Japanese compares favorably with any of them, being "intelligent, studious, cleanly in his habits, generous, temperate, moral, law-abiding, industrious, and ambitious" (p. 229). It is in the salmon canneries of Alaska that Japanese laborers make the poorest showing, and "are universally regarded as much less desirable than the Chinese, and even inferior to the Filipinos, who have recently engaged in that industry." Perhaps the reason is that the climate is too cold for their liking, and that an inferior type goes north. Japanese civilization suits the warmer temperate zone. It is to be noted that the leaders of Japan in the past half-century have all come from the extreme south of the islands, from Nagato, Satsuma, and Tosa. The race seems to reach its limit of natural expansion northward at the Straits of Tsugaru, separating the main island from Hokkaido, which is a colony in the Roman military sense of the term.

The Japanese problem in this country almost limits itself to California, where the climate is thoroughly congenial to Japanese habits. About two-thirds of the whole Japanese population in the United States are found in the boundaries of this State. Next in order comes the State of Washington, with a total of 14,794, or less than one-sixth of the whole. These figures give a percentage of 2.29 in the total population of California, and of 1.06 in that of Washington. Oregon has never particularly attracted Japanese labor, and no anti-Japanese sentiment has displayed itself in this State, where the Japanese form only .47 per cent. of the whole population.

Unfortunately—a point commented upon by the writer—the Japanese found themselves at the outset, as immigrants, confronted by a latent hostility, being regarded as Chinese of a different stripe. Some of Professor Millis's statements, however, require modification. So far from the two languages being alike, they differ utterly in essentials, although the Japanese have adopted Chinese ideographs for the written language, and from these have evolved a syllabary for their own tongue. Indeed, the burden laid upon Japanese students by the need of memorizing four or five thousand Chinese ideographs before they can be recognized as literary adepts—a task infinitely more alien and heavy than the acquisition of Latin by the European lad—is already proving a bar to the return to Japan of Japanese born in

this country. They shrink from entering a life where so much wearisome memorizing would be a necessary preliminary to social and intellectual influence. The process of Americanizing these young people has been going on much more effectively than is generally believed, although it is patent to keen observers from the other side of the Pacific.

From what source, by the way, does Professor Millis draw his ethnological data? He tells us (p. 239) that the Japanese are "a mixture of Malay, Mongolian, Tartar, Caucasian, and negro, or Negrito, elements." This admixture of negro or Negrito blood is not even a matter of discussion in standard treatises like the histories of Murdoch or Brinkley, although their findings are by no means in agreement. Racially so similar to the Chinese, they differ radically in language and polity. The relationship between rulers and people, close and friendly in Japan, in China is remote and "unkindly." Thirty years ago the State of California was able to rid herself of the Chinese menace in a remarkably easy fashion, for the Chinese Government is helpless to intervene when its subjects are abused, and is deaf to such appeals. No government more fully recognizes this claim than the Japanese, and none is better prepared to assert it. Hence the danger in the whole situation from the Californian having formed a wrong estimate of the "Oriental." The Japanese has shown himself "cocky." Moreover, as Professor Millis points out, the Chinese laborer was quite willing to live in a "bunk-house," while the Japanese seeks and welcomes opportunities to live like a "white man." As the author explains in one of those badly constructed sentences which mar the quality of the book: "With ambition to rise, and little capital required to purchase the few implements needed and to pay the initial rent, and with the possibility of chattel loans on crops, it is only natural that the Japanese should in many cases have become independent farmers."

While the solicitude of his home Government in watching over his interests has increased the hostility to this new unsubmissive type of Oriental, he has had no powerful church to look after his interests and aid in "assimilating" him. The Irishman who was so unpopular sixty years ago, had the Roman Catholic Church ready to stand by him; so was it later with the Italian immigrant. Only a limited number of Japanese are closely associated with the evangelical churches, and they are apt to receive a frigid welcome at the regular Sunday services. The process of assimilation will necessarily be slow, and is not likely to take place, as Professor Millis concedes, with large numbers. But a valuable quantum of the Japanese resident population ought to receive every chance of assimilation, for "the evil of race mixture is pretty much of a bogie."

The whole question, indeed, must sooner or later be taken from State Legislature and dealt with by the Federal Government. The so-called "gentlemen's agreement" is

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1908 works well, but in its very nature it is only temporary. What supersedes it must also come direct from Washington, and be national in its scope and application. Professor Millis recommends a general immigration law such as is outlined in Dr. Gulick's "The American Japanese Problem" (pp. 284-286), with some modifications. "Amend the existing law," thus runs his suggestion, "so that except in the case of Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico, and Cuba, the number of immigrants admitted in any one year shall not exceed 5 per cent. of the total of those who had taken their 'second papers' and the native-born of one or both parents born in the given country, as recorded in the Census of 1910. Provided, however, that the maximum number in no case shall be less than 1,000, in order that immigration from new countries shall not be unduly restricted." He supports the contention that no alien should be permitted to enter this country without being eligible to citizenship.

That this exhaustive treatise, written from another standpoint, should be in such substantial agreement with Dr. Gulick's book, and that the final practical recommendation in both should find favor with an unsympathetic critic like President Benjamin I. Wheeler, are facts worth pondering over. If the country gives Japan a substantial cause of grievance, the result will be disastrous, not only in chilling the friends of representative government who are at present waging a hard struggle in her assemblies, but also in stimulating the already too aggressive military party.

A RUSSIAN SOCIALIST ON THE WAR.

La Russie et la guerre. Par Grégoire Alexinsky. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin. 3.50 fr.

Gregor Alexinsky, already known to English readers by his "Modern Russia," is a leader of the Russian Social-Democrats, that is, of a party by principle opposed not only to wars between nations, but to any emphasis on national boundaries, a party that aims to unite the proletariat of all nations in a war against international capital. He is, of course, a fervent opponent of the Russian autocracy. Yet in this book he defends the justice of the Russian cause and looks forward with exultant hope to the triumph of the Russian armies. Hence his discussion often faces both ways: the Social-Democratic Deputies in the Duma showed fine attachment to their principles when they declined to vote for the war credits, but the Russian workingmen have been nobly guided by patriotism rather than by the foolish advice of "Intellectuals" who wished for the defeat of Russia as a means of furthering revolution within its borders. When Alexinsky speaks of the Russian masses as "preserved from revolutionary hysteria by their political conscience and the sureness of their instinct" (p. 217), he copies the accents of

the reactionary League of Russian People, whom he detests.

Despite this wobbling attitude—perhaps rather because of it—Alexinsky has done the world a service by this book. Russian political parties are not so well known to us as those of England, France, and Germany, and Alexinsky gives a clear idea of their behavior during the present crisis. Stating frankly his own position, he lets us see the power of tendencies in Russian life for which he has not even tolerance. His plea is simple. After its defeat in the Far East, Russia took renewed interest in Balkan affairs, but did not adopt an aggressive policy. Not to speak of Slavophile sympathies for the small Balkan states, Russia was bound to resist any steps towards Germanic domination of the peninsula. If Constantinople should ultimately fall under Germany or Austria, Russia's market for her grain could be entirely cut off in time of war, since the Baltic is commanded by the German fleet. The war, once begun, should be supported—and, with small exceptions, is supported—by all classes of Russian subjects. A German victory would check Russian economic progress, making the country fatally dependent on Germany, and would thereby hinder the revolutionary movement. It would be a blow not only to the Russian government, but to the whole Russian people. A revolutionary outbreak accelerated by foreign disasters, like that in Russia after the Japanese War, risks being weak and abortive.

Nor would a defeat of Russia be of benefit to the subject peoples now oppressed by the Czar's officials. Despite varied currents of opinion, Little Russians, Poles, Letts, Jews, and Armenians have all in the main been loyal to Russia. One reason is indicated by a quotation from a Lettish writer, whose people have had experience with both sorts of rulers:

The Germans oppress in a manner that is systematic and thereby always efficacious. Moreover, their haughty contempt for all that is not German, and the logic and sangfroid with which they carry on their persecutions wherever they dominate, make them intolerable. The Russians are less consistent by nature, their spirit is not so well disciplined, they are guided more by the heart, and are therefore less to be feared as oppressors. Sometimes they strike cruel and painful blows, but they also occasionally relent. They are more rude and brutal in their manners, but at bottom they are more humane than the Germans, who often hide under a perfectly courteous exterior designs inspired by a ferocious hatred. (Pp. 196, 197.)

The Russian Government has promised autonomy to the Poles, and one may trust that advanced public opinion, aided by the influence of England and France, will make it keep its word. Meanwhile, despite some wise measures, like the suppression of the liquor traffic, the authorities have not even tried to conciliate public opinion by a political amnesty. When in control of Galicia, it is asserted that they immediately began a persecution of the Ruthenians. For a reversal of all this Alexinsky can only hope. Bad as

the present Russian Government is, it deserves support, since its defeat would be a calamity for the people as a whole. Whether or not one agrees with Alexinsky's theories, one must admit that he views the situation in a manly way. His summary of his position suggests rather a romantic poet than a Marxian materialist:

The young Russian armies are defending the cause of European democracy and of human progress. But they are under the command of a senile autocratic power. It is a misfortune for us Russian democrats and revolutionists that the military forces of our country are in the hands of the Tsarism. But for the democracy of Europe, for the peoples of Serbia, Belgium, France, and England, it is fortunate that millions of Russian soldiers will offer until death a tenacious resistance to the aggression of Germany and its allies. Truly a tragic contradiction!

How can this contradiction be explained away?

I find a simple and complete answer to this difficult question in a letter written by a Russian to his son, fallen on the field of battle:

"We shall not live for ever in this world. What is the existence of a human being? A drop of water in the ocean of life of our glorious Russia. We shall not exist forever, while she must have a long and prosperous life. I know that we shall be forgotten, and that our happy descendants will not remember those who sleep in soldiers' tombs—but what does it matter?" (Pp. 361, 362.)

An English edition of this book, translated by Bernard Miall, is announced (Scribner; \$3 net).

Drama

"THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS."

After a run of two years about the country, "The Road to Happiness" has come to New York with William Hodge, who is remembered for his success in "The Man from Home," in the principal part. When the work of Mr. Hodge is disposed of, little remains to be said, for the play, though fortified by several other picturesque types, is obviously built around him. The piece cannot be called a play at all, even if it provides a fairly amusing evening's entertainment, since the plot, except for a few minor workings, can be guessed in advance, and since rather arbitrary control is assumed of the action so as to keep the hero always on top. This Jim Whitman, whom Mr. Hodge impersonates, is a young carpenter, living in a farming community, who is blessed with ambition and sterling common-sense. It is the salt of his wisdom which makes the play what it is, for it has plenty of opportunity to precipitate itself in this community of bigotry and selfishness. As may be suspected, the entire village takes on a different aspect before the final curtain, as a result of the lessons in genuineness and tolerance which Jim has taught. Incidentally, mention should be made of one of the stage appurtenances—a big, fat hen, which perches throughout one act on a rafter in Ben Hardcastle's barn. Whereas, for a time, no play could be given without a shooting scene, and later, without a drug fiend, the present sea-

son in New York is marked by an array of live stock. This play has the hen, a dog, and a horse; another puts much reliance upon a "rooster" and two dogs. F.

"COMMON CLAY."

It is not too much to say of this play that it might have been written by Sir Arthur Pinero, not a very good Pinero, the Pinero of, say, "Letty"—a play which deals in a strong, but rather unfinished, way with the temptations of a working girl. Both pieces present only the common stock of knowledge concerning the fundamental social wrongs inflicted on girls who are left unbuttoned by the courtesies granted to girls more fortunately placed. Both make much use of the same device in order to sharpen the contrast of the high-born and the lowly—the continual reminder given the hero by the heroine that the respect which he shows his sister is not granted to her. Both plays, too, throw a silly moral sop to the audience, though here it must be said that Mr. Cleves Kinkead had more justification than Sir Arthur, for he at least grants his heroine the chance for which she has always longed, namely, to wear finery. Nor does the resemblance end here. The emphasis which is placed, satirically, upon respectability and the privileges of a gentleman is Pinero's special brand—not Shaw's, not Henry Arthur Jones's. Certainly it is not the variety exhibited in the plays of Clyde Fitch.

The question of imitation need not be pressed to the point of making the imitation deliberate. It is enough to say that Mr. Kinkead must have heard the work of Pinero analyzed by Professor Baker, under whom he studied at Harvard, and that the play, though arresting, does not give the impression of being very original. It is not even American in flavor, except for certain business, notably the court-room scene, which it shares with other productions seen in New York during the past year or two.

The main situation may be stated more explicitly. Ellen Neal—a character impersonated with admirable sincerity by Jane Cowl—after an indiscretion committed with a man about town, determines to earn an honest living, and engages herself as housemaid in the fashionable Fullerton ménage. Here, as the curtain rises on a retiring-room during a ball, she is confronted by the intoxicated Coakley, the man who had caused her downfall. By him her past is revealed to Hugh Fullerton, a pampered son just home from college. Though Hugh is not the brute that Coakley is, he, too, is a "gentleman," and is not averse to leading a "man's life"; and though he means to treat Ellen fairly, it is evident at the close of the first act that she will yield to his passion. At the beginning of the second act Ellen is the mother of his child, and he is back from Europe, expecting to be confronted by the courts, for she is determined that her son shall have the advantages which he would have had if she had been legally married to Hugh. Here enter Judge Filson (John Mason), an old friend of the senior Fullerton, to whom the latter has gone for legal advice. Coakley has been brought to the Judge's office to remind Ellen of her first offence, but has the tables turned on him when Ellen's lawyer decides to prosecute him for having seduced the girl prior to the age of consent provided by the law.

The following act, which takes place in the court-room, is the "big" one of the play. It provides Miss Cowl with an opportunity for some excellent emotional acting when, stripped of her self-respect by the searching examination of Judge Filson, she in turn is lashed by her conscience, and is spurred on to upbraid society for its hypocrisies. A powerful climax is contrived by the admissions on the stand of Ellen's supposed mother that her real mother was the woman whom years ago the Judge himself had wronged. This disclosure had been so carefully prepared for by the author, who evidently wished to play fair with the audience, that to some, at least, it came as no surprise. Yet it must be admitted that the surprise is not of so much moment to the audience as is the chance to study its effect upon the Judge. In the hands of a competent actor like John Mason, the situation was rich with dramatic interest. Yet we must regret that Mr. Mason has acquired that easy American accomplishment of talking through his nose. At this juncture the play should have ended, with only the hope held out of a subsequent union with Hugh. But an epilogue there is, and everything is happily arranged for in the presence of the audience. F.

"THE HOUSE OF GLASS."

Mr. Max Marcin, the author of this play (Candler Theatre), has reverted to a dramatic type which was the usual thing in the days, not long ago, when the stage attempted to "show up" political bosses, police sergeants, captains of industry, and others like them. Those were the days of muckraking, and playwrights and audience alike forgot that an essential of sound drama is the portrayal of human beings. It was enough that the young writers were dealing with vital problems and were supposedly battling against the devil in an ingenious way. Mr. Marcin, too, has plenty of tricks in his kit. There are moments in this play when the audience holds its breath at thought of what is coming, but it is enough to say that the final impression given is one of dummies skilfully manipulated, and this in spite of some very good acting.

The theme on which the author hammers is naturally one which is uppermost to-day. We guess that it was suggested by the work of Mr. Osborne at Sing Sing. In any case, the play sets forth the alleged iniquities of placing a lasting stigma upon any one who has ever served a prison sentence. The story is ingeniously contrived, so as to keep the audience entirely clear about a complicated situation; yet to do this it has been necessary to make of the first act what is essentially a prologue. A stenographer has fallen in love with an attractive young fellow, and after an acquaintance of just two weeks is preparing to marry him, when he is arrested in her room on the charge of burglary. Certain jewels which he has left with her implicate her in the crime, and in spite of the fact that she is entirely innocent, she is sent to prison for three years, after half of which term she is released on parole. But shortly she breaks the parole and runs off to Kansas City, where she is seen after a lapse of eight years the happy wife of a prominent railway magnate. The latter naturally gravitates to New York, the scene of his wife's former troubles, and then begins the working

out of the real dramatic interest of the piece. The husband, now president of one of the big railways, is relentlessly prosecuting an employee who has stolen from the company. All manner of influence exerted in the boy's behalf leaves him cold, until he learns from his wife's lips the story of her career, and the fact that a detective is bent upon getting her back in jail on account of the broken parole. Here is a situation which, *per se*, is powerful, but the author's characters are only so much invention, and he has also made them frightfully talky—a combination of defects which the excellent acting of Frederick Burt, as the husband, of Harry C. Browne, as attorney, and the uneven, but on the whole good, work of Mary Ryan as the wife, are unable to cope with. F.

Finance

LONDON AND THE NEW YORK MARKET

Having fallen on Wednesday of last week to \$4.50 in the pound sterling—no less a depreciation from the normal parity than 7½ per cent.—the rate of exchange on London recovered violently. Before the close of the week, it was back to \$4.71½, having retraced the downward steps, not only of last week, but of the week preceding. This advance still left the rate far below normal, but it indicated that influences bearing on the market do not all operate in one direction. For one thing, the British Government's fiscal agents at New York had in their hands, last week, \$60,000,000 worth of American securities sent over from London on warships during August. It is practically certain that loans were raised in Wall Street on the collateral of these stocks and bonds, and the proceeds used to pay maturing claims against England in this market, without drawing exchange on London.

Simultaneously, it became known that the financial commissioners, sent from London to arrange for such operations on a larger scale, were already on the way. The market for exchange remained highly irregular and excited; but the course of rates reflected the financial community's feeling that last week's extreme decline took too many things for granted. Nevertheless, discussion as to the outcome of so bewildering a situation in international exchange continued, and with wide diversity of judgment. Would it be possible, after what has already taken place, for England to raise the much-discussed \$500,000,000 loan in the United States, from the proceeds of which the manufacturers of munitions could be paid? If such a credit were established, would it be large enough to offset the pressure on exchange?

Opinion, even in conservative quarters, found itself in agreement on neither of these questions. Yet they can at least tentatively be answered. The answer to the question as to a \$500,000,000 "New York credit," is that England can unquestionably raise it, but that the terms will be

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exacting—chiefly because of the long delay in grappling with the question. Our own Government, just twenty years ago, got itself into a similar scrape, through a similar procrastination. Our supply of gold was being exhausted through export to meet the abnormally adverse exchange rates.

In the end, the Government of 1895 had to apply to international bankers to establish a London credit, and to pay for it we had to sell Government bonds at a net rate of 3½ per cent., when 3 per cents had been sold at par a few months before. England, too, will probably have to pay a considerably higher rate than her latest war loan bore; she will have to forego the income tax on the bonds thus issued; she will have to guarantee interest payment in dollars, and she may be asked to put up security collateral. On such a basis, certainly \$500,000,000 could be raised. Had the negotiations been opened six months ago, the thing could have been done without collateral. But the present attitude of our banks towards the operation is clearly due to misgiving caused by the random talk of "British credit" which has accompanied the spectacular break in sterling exchange.

Whether \$500,000,000 would be more than a temporary stop-gap, is a question which cannot be answered, unless one knew how long the war will last. But if exchange rates could be restored to something like normal figures, another borrowing, if necessary, would be far more simple. It was so with our Government after the episode of 1895. For when the immediate crisis in exchange had been averted, through the London operation, and the outflow of gold had been held in check during a series of months, confidence was so far restored that a new and very large loan, offered in New York city, drew heavy subscriptions from European investors.

If England were to encounter difficulties in the operation, would her investors sell the rest of their American securities? On this point, also, widely opposing views exist in the most experienced quarters. Among such holders of our stocks and bonds, there are investors who wish to snatch the abnormal profit on exchange, and there are investors who wish to shift their funds into British war bonds. But there are also investors who believe in keeping a reserve investment in a neutral state, or who regard American securities as attractive, because of the country's present immense financial prestige. Even among English financiers and public men, some would urge or compel such sales, in order to regulate exchange; others regard American securities as an anchor to windward which London ought to hold.

It is largely a question of duration of the European conflict. If peace were to return within the space of a few months, England would probably still retain something like a thousand millions of our stocks and bonds. But if the end of a protracted war were to see them nearly all back in American hands, yet sustained in value

here by the new resources of our plethoric money market, the economic outcome would be logical.

All things considered, it would appear to be at least conceivable that the "gold inflation theory" and the "foreign liquidation theory," pointing individually to opposite results on the Stock Exchange, might result, when operating jointly, in a happy equilibrium. And meantime, it remains to be seen whether England, by the pledge of her private or governmental credit in our market, will not manage to solve, for the time at any rate, the problem of exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Balmer, E. *A Wild Goose Chase*. Duffield. \$1.25 net.
 Barr, A. E. *The Measure of a Man*. Appleton. \$1.35 net.
 Bindloss, H. *Harding of Allenwood*. Stokes. \$1.30 net.
 Brady, C. T. *A Baby of the Frontier*. Revell. \$1.25 net.
 Cooper, E. *Living up to Billy*. Stokes. \$1 net.
 Crane, F. *Just Human*. Lane. \$1 net.
 Crockett, S. R. *Hal o' The Ironsides*. Revell. \$1.25 net.
 Foote, M. H. *The Valley Road*. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.35 net.
 Foster-Mellar, R. A. *Blindstone*. Dutton. \$1.25 net.
 Grant, R. *The High Priestess*. Scribner. \$1.35 net.
 Guiterman, A. *The Laughing Muse*. Harper. \$1 net.
 Harben, W. N. *The Inner Law*. Harper. \$1.35 net.
 Hope, A. *A Young Man's Year*. Appleton. \$1.35 net.
 Kelland, C. B. *Mark Tidd in Business*. Harper. \$1 net.
 Lane, Mrs. J. *Maria Again*. Lane. \$1 net.
 Lewis, S. *The Trail of the Hawk*. Harper. \$1.35 net.
 Me: A Book of Remembrance. Anonymous. Century Co.
 Oppenheim, E. P. *The Way of These Women*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.35 net.
 Perry, M. *Zerah: A Tale of Old Bethlehem*. The Abingdon Press. 50 cents net.
 Quiller-Couch, A. T. *Nicky-Nan, Reservist*. Appleton. \$1.35 net.
 Rankin, C. W. *The Cinder Pond*. Holt. \$1.25 net.
 Sage, W. *A Maid of Old Virginia*. Revell. \$1.25 net.
 Stacpoole, H. deV. *The Pearl Fishers*. Lane. \$1.30 net.
 Strahan, K. C. *Peggy-Mary*. Duffield. \$1.25 net.
 Sullivan, F. W. *Alloy of Gold*. McBride. \$1.35 net.
 Verrill, A. H. *Uncle Abner's Legacy*. Holt. \$1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Beggs, G. H. *The Four in Crete*. Abingdon Press. \$1.25 net.
 Bullard, F. L. *Tad and his Father*. Little, Brown. 50 cents net.
 Douglas, N. *Old Calabria*. Houghton Mifflin. \$4 net.
 Gardiner, A. G. *The War Lords*. The Wayfarer's Library. Dutton. 40 cents net.
 Huberich, C. H., and King, R. *The Prize Code of the German Empire*. Baker, Voorhis & Co. \$2.50 net.
 Lyons, A. N. *Kitchener Chaps*. Lane. 50 cents net.
 Mason, A. B. *Tom Strong, Jr.* Holt. \$1.25 net.
 Tomlinson, P. G. *In Camp on Bass Island*. Scribner. \$1.25 net.
 Verrill, A. H. *In Morgan's Wake*. Holt. \$1.35 net.
 Young, S. H. *Alaska Days with John Muir*. Revell. \$1 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Cushing, M. P. *Baron D'Holbach. A Study of Eighteenth Century Radicalism in France*. New York: Columbia University. Flewelling, R. T. *Personalism and the Problems of Philosophy*. Methodist Book Concern. \$1 net.
 Great Christian Doctrines. Edited by James Hastings. Scribner. \$3 net.
 Hobhouse, L. T. *Morals in Evolution*. Holt. \$3.25 net.
 Phythian-Adams, W. J. *Mithraism*. Open Court Pub. Co. 40 cents.
 Prince, L. B. *Spanish Mission Churches of New Mexico*. Torch Press. \$1.50 net.
 Schechter, S. *Seminary Addresses and Other Papers*. Cincinnati, O.: Ark Pub. Co.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Cody, S. *How to Deal with Human Nature in Business*. Funk & Wagnalls. \$2 net.
 Giddings, F. H. *The Western Hemisphere in the World of To-morrow*. Revell. 35 cents net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Barrington, Mrs. R. *The Works and Life of Walter Bagehot*. Vols. 1-10. Longmans, Green. \$25 net.
 Charmes, F. *La Guerre 1914-15. L'Allemagne Contre l'Europe*. Paris: Perrin et Cie.
 Clement, E. W. *A Short History of Japan*. University of Chicago Press. \$1 net.
 Harrer, G. A. *Studies in the History of the Roman Province of Syria*. Princeton University Press.
 Life of Benvenuto Cellini. Edited by A. Padovani. Milan, Italy: Ulrico Hoepli.
 Phillipson, D. *Max Lilienthal*. American Rabbi. Bloch Pub. Co.
 Shaw, A. H. *The Story of a Pioneer*. Harper. \$2 net.
 Wister, O. *The Pentecost of Calamity*. Macmillan. 50 cents net.

POETRY.

Bell, H. *Poems and Sonnets*. London: Elkin Mathews.
 Cammerer, E. *Belgian Poems*. Lane. \$1.50 net.
 Curzon, Lord. *War Poems*. Lane. \$1.50 net.
 Poems of Mary Artemisia Lathbury. Introduction by J. H. Vincent and W. G. Horder. Minneapolis, Minn.: The Nunc Licet Press.

SCIENCE.

Angstrom, A. *A Study of the Radiation of the Atmosphere*. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
 Annals of Harvard College Observatory. Vol. 76, No. 4.
 Educational Hygiene. Edited by L. W. Raaper. Scribner.
 Hill, J. M. *Canning, Preserving, and Jelly Making*. Little, Brown. \$1 net.
 Lutz, E. G. *Practical Drawing*. Scribner. \$1.25 net.
 McCullough, E. *Practical Surveying*. Van Nostrand. \$2 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Arderton, H. O. *Granville Bantock. (Living Masters of Music)*. Lane. \$1 net.
 Austin, M. *The Arrow-Maker*. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
 Chamberlain, H. S. *The Wagnerian Drama*. Lane. \$1.35 net.
 Ervine, St. J. *Jane Clegg*. Holt. 80 cents net.
 Phillips, S. *Armageddon*. Lane. \$1 net.

JUVENILE.

Bailey, R. R. *Sure Pop and the Safety Scouts*. World Book Co.
 Sherman, C. L. *The Dot Circus*. Houghton Mifflin. \$1 net.
 Updike, E. R. *Tourbillon, or the King of the Whirlwinds*. Abingdon Press. 35 cents net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Ereslitch, E. R. *First Year Mathematics for Secondary Schools*. University of Chicago Press. \$1 net.
 Palmer, A. H. *Schiller's Wilhelm Tell*. Revised edition. Holt.
 Pease, C. A. *A First Year Course in General Science*. Chas. E. Merrill Co. \$1.05.

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